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USURY AND THE BANKS

Fleecing the Small Borrower Being Stopped by the Government

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THOUGHTFUL and conservative bankers—the men who really lead the banking sentiment of the country—in numbers steadily and rapidly increasing, are now setting their faces and giving their influence against an evil that for years had not only impeded the growth but was threatening the commercial life of important sections of our country, because oppressive and continuing usury inevitably means poverty and failure; and poverty and failure breed discontent which strikes blindly to destroy and tear down. Despair hates the conditions which have produced it and is ready to go to war against society and governments, regardless of means and reckless of consequences.

The business man, the laborer, the farmer driven to ruin by what he believes to be unjust exactions, sanctioned or permitted by law, becomes an anarchist at heart, carries within himself a sullen resentment ready to be touched to volcanic outburst by the first approach of opportunity. He

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has no hope but vengeance. His fury when he may give it vent is directed against the conditions under which he has been oppressed.

The vice, or evil, or peril of usury—it is all three—is no new thing under the sun and was not peculiar to this country. It was spreading among us, however, with rapidity no casual observer would suppose, and in different communities was silently and secretly sapping the life and eating away the foundations of commercial and social life to an unsuspected extent. I do not wish to talk politics or to discuss socialism. I have had opportunity, however, to notice that States and communities in which literature presenting the most violent, dangerous and incendiary forms of perverted socialism was most eagerly read and accepted were precisely those in which my reports showed the interest changes to small borrowers were most extortionate.

The sin is one of the oldest known to humanity, and is believed to have been indirectly aimed at in the Tenth Commandment. The Hebrew word for usury signifies "cruel biting." Probably it began to bite along with the saber tooth tiger. Its derivation may have suggested to a great English judge of five centuries ago his attempt to distinguish between what he called "biting usury," meaning exorbitant rates, and "toothless usury," or reasonable interest charges.

By Divine ordinance the Israelites of old were forbidden to demand usury of the poor and needy, and in Deuteronomy, we are told, "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother, usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury." But by another law they are permitted to lend to strangers—which banks, these days, are not accustomed to do. Loans to the Canaanites and other heathen on usury were, in fact, rather encouraged, the implication being that they might be conquered and overcome more readily this way than by the sword.

In ancient days, when men lived to be three hundred to four hundred to nearly a thousand years old, he who began to lend money at the age of twenty-five or thirty must have accumulated quite a comfortable estate when gathered to his

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fathers, especially if the interest was compounded. Think of what Methuselah would have done! In this connection the thought occurs that if Noah had out any considerable amount of paper on terms similar to those which are being charged in some of our States, he may not have regarded the Flood as an unmitigated disaster.

THE USURER UNPOPULAR IN KING SOLOMON'S DAYS

THE Israelites during the early years of their race maintained consistently their opposition to usury, although the Jews have figured so conspicuously since the Christian Era as such prominent exponents. Five hundred years after Moses, King David and King Solomon had things to say against usury, and the usurer seems to have been a most unpopular character in those days. King David describes the holy and just man, he who was entitled to enter into the courts of the Lord, as one "who hath not given his money upon usury." The Jewish Talmud speaks of usury as a practice expressly forbidden.

The subject of usury was specifically dealt with in the ancient codes of most nations. Under the Code of Manu, in India, interest was regarded as of doubtful propriety, and money lending was prohibited altogether to the superior castes, the Brahmins and Kshattriyas, and even for the other two grades, a sum lent to a person in distress may not give rise to any interest, because then the interest would be extortionate. The limits fixed by the Code were one and one-quarter per cent per month with security, and one and a half per cent per month without.

Among the Mohammedans the charging of usury was expressly prohibited. Money lending in Turkey until recent years was almost exclusively in the hands of Greeks and other foreigners.

The Law of the Twelve Tables among the ancient Romans authorized interest at the equivalent of ten per cent per annum, subsequently increased, toward the close of the Republic, to twelve per cent. It was then called "usuria

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centissima" because in one hundred months it doubled the capital, but this law was subsequently abolished and interest laid under a total interdict.

Julius Caesar enacted severe laws against usurers, and Cato is said to have banished the usurers from Sicily.

Later on, Tacitus tells us that the evil of usury greatly increased in Rome and the laws forbidding it were continually eluded. Some historians tell us that from this period, when usury so flourished, Rome dates the beginning of her decay. Trade languished and became disreputable and fell under the control of the worst elements in the community, preparing the way for the calamitous events which preceded Rome's final downfall.

Later, in the time of Justinian, the government undertook to control interest rates, which were fixed at one-third of one per cent a month, or four per cent per annum, though higher rates were allowed to be taken by merchants, where a greater risk was involved. During most of the periods of Roman history and before its decline and fall, usury was treated as an aggravated species of theft and punished with great severity. Whereas the punishment for theft was only a forfeiture of double the value of the thing stolen, in usury the criminal was punished by condemnation and forfeiture of four times the value of the usury taken. This severe penalty, it is said, was grounded on sound governmental reasons, for it was seen in those days that usury was one of the most frequent causes of sedition and discord among the people.

MCADOO EMULATED TIBERIUS CAESAR

SECRETARY McADOO, in depositing, as he did on several occasions, many millions of dollars in the banks to alleviate the strain and bring down heavy interest rates which were being demanded in certain parts of the country, found a precedent for so doing in the acts of Tiberius Caesar, who, the ancient historian tells us, deposited a "marvelous sum of money in the banks of Rome," the amount being estimated at 500,000 pounds Sterling, or about two and a

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half million dollars, for the purpose of breaking rates charged by usurers in those days, and this money was offered freely to those debtors who were able to give bond and security to double the value of the money borrowed. Secretary McAdoo's terms were more liberal.

"The canker of usury," says Tacitus, "is an old venomous foe and is the chief head of rebellion and variance in countries, and it was therefore banished in the old times."

In England, as early as the reign of Alfred the Great, laws were enacted against usury, usurers forfeited to the King their chattels, while their land escheated to the Lords of the Fee, and it was further provided that usurers should not be buried in the sanctuary. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, one hundred and fifty years later, the laws provided that the usurer should forfeit all his substance, be outlawed, and his heir disinherited. Other punishments were added by William the Conqueror, such as whipping, exposure on the pillory, and perpetual banishment.

In the Magna Charta, in 1215, attempts were made to regulate or restrain usury, the provision inserted showing clearly how general the evil was and how oppressive.

These laws were modified and changed from time to time, in the 12th century. According to Glanville, the usurer was not liable to be convicted during his lifetime, but forfeited his goods and chattels after death.

In 1487 two acts were passed in England to restrain usury and to meet the various devices which had become common. This law provided that offenders should be placed in the pillory, put to open shame, be imprisoned half a year and pay twenty pounds Sterling.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the legal rate was fixed at ten per cent. This rate was reduced to eight per cent under the reign of James I. All contracts for more than eight per cent were void, but the act contained a clause that "no words in this law shall be construed or expounded to allow the practice of usury in point of religion or conscience," inserted in the law to satisfy the Bishops, who would not pass the bill without it.

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USURY CONTRIBUTED TO THE DECLINE OF ROME

IN the reign of Charles II the legal interest was further reduced to six per cent, which had then become customary, and it is interesting to compare the conditions set forth in the preamble of this act, which shows the beneficent influences of favorable money rates, with the corruption and declining conditions in Rome, when usury flourished most in the Eternal City. The preamble to this act says:

> "Forasmuch as the abatement of interest from ten per cent in former times has been found by notable experience beneficial to the advancement of trade and the improvement of lands by good husbandry, with many other considerable advantages to this nation, especially the reducing of it to a nearer proportion with foreign states with whom we transact, and whereas in the fresh memory the like fall from eight to six per cent by late constant practice hath then the like success to the general contentment of this nation as is visible by several improvements, and whereas it is the endeavor of some at present to reduce it back again in practice to the allowance of the statute still in force, to eight per cent, to the great discouragement of ingenuity and industry in the husbandry, trade and commerce of this nation."

The rate of interest in England was reduced to five per cent in the reign of Queen Anne, the preamble of the law stating that—

> "It has become absolutely necessary to reduce the high rate of interest of six per cent to a nearer proportion with interest allowed in foreign states."

The various acts passed in the reign of Charles II, William III, and George II, George III and George IV provided that all securities given on a usurious consideration or upon a gaming transaction were absolutely void.

In this country the colonies first and the States later undertook to fix and regulate the rates of interest and to define and prohibit usury. Massachusetts fixed the legal rate at eight per cent in 1641, and reduced it to six per cent three years later. Some of the older States, however, refused to adopt usury laws until within recent years. In many of our States, usury statutes have been and are ignored, and where

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the transgressions against the usury law have been most marked and where usury has flourished most, unmolested, we find enterprise hampered and many unhealthy conditions engendered; which reminds one of a saying credited to Diogenes, that "where neither laws have force nor water hath course, there no wise man seeks to dwell."

To the substantial business man, accustomed to reasonable accommodations from banks, there is a kind of ghastly humor in some of the revelations resulting from an investigation into the subject of usury conducted some months ago by the Comptroller's office.

USURY AIMS AT AMERICAN BANKS

IT was ascertained at that time that 1,247 national banks, out of a total of 7,600, were openly charging rates of interest forbidden by the laws of their respective States and by the National Bank Act, and that despite the easy money conditions, 2,743 banks were charging on some of their loans interest of ten per cent or more per annum.

One bank admitted under oath that it was charging an average of twenty-five per cent per annum on all of its loans; another, an average of thirty-six per cent; and a third, an average of forty per cent per annum on *all* loans.

The alarming part of all this is that wherever such a case of oppression occurred the agitators, the chronic trouble makers and the demagogues of the neighborhood or the county made it the text for incitement of rage against the capital and the commercial methods of the entire country.

I will not tire you with figures, but will mention just a few actual loans made by national banks and reported under oath to the Comptroller's office, which may serve as illustration.

Here is a loan of $1,000 for a month and a half at seventy-seven per cent; a loan of $2,067 for a month at sixty-five per cent; $553 for two months at eighty-five per cent; $491 for eighty days at fifty per cent; $200 for three months at fifty per cent.

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A visitor to my office from a certain State not long ago, who held a high public office in that State, told me of a loan for $90 made to a farmer to help him to raise his crops, the loan being for less than a year. He said that the bank had charged this farmer, in addition to a large rate of interest, an extra sum of $50 for the trouble of going out to look at the land and for a few preliminaries to the loan.

The practice of making a deduction for expense, in addition to the rate of interest, seems also to have been an ancient one and to have been resorted to hundreds of years ago. It has prevailed to an inexcusable extent up to a very recent date in certain of our States.

I am sincerely gratified to be able to report, after all this looking at the dark side of the picture, that in the past year or so, there has been a vast improvement in the matter of interest rates throughout the country. The evil has been greatly mitigated, but it is not yet entirely eliminated. Hundreds of banks have made perpendicular drops from the excessive rates which they formerly charged. Many that had been charging on some of their loans as much as fifty per cent or twenty per cent, and in hundreds of cases they have come within the legal rates of their respective States.

NOW, THE BANKS ARE REDUCING RATES

IN other instances, where only twelve per cent to fifteen per cent rates had prevailed, borrowers are now accommodated at six per cent and eight per cent. Some banks have adopted a conservative course and apparently have been afraid to reduce their rates too suddenly, but they are moving in the right direction. One bank testifies under oath that it has succeeded in reducing its maximum rate from 360 per cent to 109 per cent. Another in the same State reports that it has already brought its maximum rate down from 300 to 30 per cent; others report that they have brought their average rates of eighteen per cent and twenty-two per cent down to the legal rate of ten per cent.

I am very glad to be able to say that these sensational

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and inexcusable rates are steadily disappearing from the sections where they have formerly prevailed, and people of every part of this country are at this moment securing money for all purposes, whether it be for commercial business, farming, or industrial purposes, on more favorable terms than ever before in the history of our country.

In divers instances national banks which have been called on to reduce their rates of interest to those permitted by law, have not only complied but have advised my office that they were conducting their business on a plane which is proving not only more satisfactory to their customers, but, all things considered, more satisfactory to the banks themselves, as their business is showing a healthy expansion in response to more liberal treatment.

For example, the cashier of a national bank in the interior of Texas, which had in the past been charging excessive interest rates, in a letter to the Comptroller of the Currency, said:

> "While it has been rather hard for us to get down to the legal rate, I realize that you are absolutely correct, and I am sure that the cheaper rate of interest will bring, and is already bringing, this bank a large increase of business. Your stand in this matter is entirely commendable, and we will do our best to uphold you in it."

Many farmers who had never known what it was to borrow money below twelve per cent, even on cotton, through the operations of the Federal Reserve System are now enabled to borrow from their local banks at six per cent, and the small local banks are able to borrow in their turn from the Federal Reserve Banks at three to four and one-half per cent, and you business men of Kansas City, I am sure, are prepared to testify that in the past twelve months, despite the very active condition of business, which usually brings tight money, you, as have other business men in all our important cities, have been able to place your commercial paper at lower rates than you have ever known before.

To overcome the whole trouble and rid the farmer and the small merchants in the rural districts of the exactions

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which have often crippled and sometimes destroyed them, a bill has been introduced in Congress, requiring all national banks to keep a record showing the rate of interest charged on each and every loan, and authorizing and directing the Department of Justice to bring suit against usurers, upon information secured by the Department from the Comptroller of the Currency, or from other sources. If this becomes a law, it will be possible to eradicate entirely usury from national banks. It would be difficult to overestimate the blessings which will come to many thousands of borrowers in all parts of the country if the maximum rate of interest throughout the States should be reduced from one hundred per cent and more, which has been charged in the recent past in many banks, to a maximum of six or eight or even ten per cent, according to the legal rate in the respective States.

The subject of usury has been discussed, as I have shown you, through thousands of years and by countless learned men. After the Hebrew prophets and law givers, Cæsar and Cato and later Justinian in Rome, and the Greek philosophers, debated on it; prelates, kings and great judges of great courts have studied and expounded it; parliaments, congresses, legislatures have turned it inside up and outside down; discourses on it in such bodies, in the pulpit, from the bench, have been innumerable in numbers, infinite in extent.

Yet in some parts of this country we found we were in worse condition in this respect than were the people of fifty centuries ago, and men and women in the United States, in the twentieth century were bitten more deeply than were the ancient Hebrews; were destroyed and enslaved more grievously than were the Canaanites, declared enemies of God's chosen people. There is no organized ecclesiastical protest against it, and the executive officers of the law stood inert and apparently powerless. In some of the newest and freshest parts of our land, American citizens were practically in the position of the poor of Rome under the oppressions of usurers of distinguished families,—

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"No fire when Tiber freezes,
No air in Summer's heat;
But stores of rods for freeborn backs,
And stocks for freedom feet."

Let us earnestly hope that the conscience of the country and the protest of the self-respecting and forward-looking bankers may be truly aroused to renew the old, old fight against the old, old instinct of tyranny and oppression, so cruelly contrary to all the teachings of Christianity, the lessons and purposes of civilization, and all the trend of modern thought —

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he shall take who has the power
And he shall keep who can."

No country can live, much less prosper; no people can keep their strength and maintain that unity of thought and purpose that makes nations conquerors, where wealth accumulates and men decay.

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OUR OPERATIC OPPORTUNITY

A Serious Ideal in Our National Musical Life

By GERALDINE FARRAR

THE BRILLIANT CONCEPTION OF AN AMERICAN GIRL WHO HAS ATTAINED THE HIGHEST OPERATIC HONORS AT HOME AND ABROAD

OUT of the ravages of the present war has grown an influence, which ought to be directed for great good in the musical life of America. The great upheaval abroad has been responsible for an influx of musicians—mainly Americans whose studies and engagements have been interrupted abroad, but also a great many artists of all nationalities—refugees who have come to our shores in the hopes of being able to find channels here for their artistic sustenance and, incidentally, for their financial maintenance.

But what do they find when they get here? That the available talent is already far in excess of the mediums through which they can be expressed. There are not one tenth sufficient organizations to house the really good singers who are ready and eager to give expression to their art.

Not counting the Metropolitan Opera Company (which is, of course, the Mecca of all singers), and the Chicago and Boston Opera companies, which come next in rank, and one or two road opera companies whose " season " rarely exceeds a dozen weeks, there are practically no accommodations to meet this condition, brought about by the war.

On the other hand, there exists also this condition: There are thousands of communities throughout the United States that are virtually hungry for operatic music. That they are willing to pay the price is manifested by the fact that tens of thousands of dollars are collected at the box office for single performances of visiting grand opera companies (notably when the Metropolitan comes to town, which is in very few of the larger cities, and at great intervals)

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and individual members of the Metropolitan giving concerts in secondary towns have sometimes been known to put $8,000 in the box office for a single performance.

INTERMEDIATE OPERA COMPANIES NEEDED

WITH the material at hand, the signs of the times seem to point the way to the organization of municipal or subsidized opera companies. The Society of American Singers and like organizations should become excellent intermediate institutions for the employment of American talent in the English vernacular or original tongue, according to the desires of the community who support the institution. Whether this small venture, in the very heart of New York shall have a greater bearing on the musical life in the country in general remains to be seen.

Opera in Europe represents growth of many centuries; the organization of the many municipal opera companies throughout France, Italy and Germany have reached a certain perfection which we in this country cannot hope to attain for years to come. Yet there are many things we can learn from them.

The minimum of expense at which the European opera companies are run, is something we in the United States cannot expect to accomplish. The great difference in the cost of living here and abroad, and the instinctive economy of the Europeans in direct contrast to the lavish way of doing business in America, make it impossible for us to try to emulate their example in this respect.

For instance, a financial report of the municipal opera house in Marseilles, operated by the officials of the city, who take full responsibility for the management, shows that the monthly budget, including the salaries of the director, the business administration, the singers, the chorus, the orchestra, the ballet, the music, the publishers, the authors and a percentage for the poor, did not exceed $20,813. The receipts for the same month were $11,484, leaving a total expense to the city of $9,329.

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When comparing the above figures with the weekly budget of the Metropolitan, which is very seldom less than $25,000, and has been known to rise as high as $40,000, the discrepancy in the figures seems too staggering to be realized, and might, at first glance, have a tendency to discourage the advocates of established opera companies in the cities throughout the United States.

The intermediate opera companies, however, could economize in the matter of stars. "Guest" visits of these stars from the large cities should be welcomed at intervals, and at such times the price of the seats should be raised to meet the additional expenditure. Also, the audiences who attend the presentations of these intermediate companies must be content with simple settings and small choruses. We sometimes forget when speaking of European opera houses how modest are the demands of the audiences. These audiences love and appreciate great singing and interpretation, but they love opera for itself—love it even when presented with technical faults. I am sure there are enough music lovers in this country to make this statement equally true of America.

CIVIC PRIDE AND PUBLIC SPIRIT MUST BE ENLISTED

IN fact, we already have proofs of this. In the days of the Savage Opera Company, which a score or so years ago rendered into English many of the classics, the more popular of the grand operas were played to packed houses in every city. The popular prices of the Castle Square Opera Company in Boston (the original Savage organization) made it possible for music students to have a working knowledge of classic opera in general, and did much to enrich the musical life of the layman, and to develop his musical taste. These presentations were given by really excellent artists, and the repertoire ran the gamut of the light operas, such as the Gilbert and Sullivan productions, as well as operas comique, operas bouffe and the more popular grand operas. These organizations were, of course, private and money-making ventures. That they were successful as bus-

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iness ventures is a tangible tribute to our native love of opera in its highest forms.

Whether subsidized opera houses in America could be organized entirely by municipal support, or perhaps be partly underwritten by the municipal and partly by the federal government would, of course, come within the domain of the bankers and congressmen who would promote and maintain through such a measure. From personal experience and observation of many countries, I find that all peoples respond to some kind of music and it is reasonable to suppose that granted adequate means and the civic pride of a given community, the public spirit would accept the municipal theatre as important and as worthy of endowment as any Carnegie Library.

On the continent the problem has been worked out in each country in harmony with the varying temperaments of the different nations and the liberality of each government in this respect.

In France most of the opera companies are under municipal control, and the deficits are paid out of the public exchequer.

In Germany, the opera is under both Imperial and municipal patronage according to the location. Hamburg, and other towns, are free cities and have no deficits to be made up by the Imperial patronage, but come under city organization. This is, or was, also true of Russia.

In Italy, where every hamlet boasts of at least two or three musical academies, La Scala in Milan, which is the center of Italy's musical activity, is given an annual allotment by the government and city of about 100,000 francs, yet always terminates its season with balance on the debit side. In recent years this deficit has been paid by a single, public spirited citizen, the Duca Albert Visconti de Modrone.

In our own country, the Metropolitan exists mainly because its deficits are paid for by a number of wealthy and public spirited private individuals who have ideals and visions concerning the artistic life of our country. Whether the same plan might work out in practice for the smaller towns would

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depend upon the generosity of local wealthy citizens, in conjunction with those who have plans for the municipal or government support of these institutions.

So far we have only dwelt upon the intermediate opera house in relation to the audience. Yet one of its most direct and vital bearings will be upon the young American students of grand opera. The services of foreign artists whom the war has brought to our shores, and who have had invaluable opera experience in the various opera houses in Europe, would, of course, be sought by the various new grand opera organizations.

DOING AWAY WITH THE DISCOURAGING YEARS OF WAITING

BUT what is even more important, is that by establishing a working relation between these opera organizations and musical conservatories and private music teachers of unrefutable standing throughout the country, some system will be developed whereby the graduates could be assured operatic appearances. This would do away with the discouraging years of waiting which often break the spirit of hundreds of young, ambitious and talented girls, who after spending the very best years of their lives preparing for a career, find that they cannot even get a start. I am not one of those people who believe one should wait for EVERY perfection before appearing in public. As a matter of fact, no one ever reaches the goal of vocal technique; and if we were to wait for this achievement before venturing to sing in public, we would all be mummies.

It should be required of these students that they graduate with a repertoire of from six to ten operas, according to their rating; that they have a practical knowledge of Italian and French for the so-called popular repertoire and German for the classics; that they should have perused what is known as our best books; that they should have studied paintings and sculpture, the meaning of posture and *natural* expression, not the so-called traditional gesticulations that confine and oftentime spoil an otherwise easy gift of plastic.

The question of singing in the English vernacular I

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will leave to a larger discrimination. I personally do not care for and do not favor presentation of an opera except in its native languages, unless most adequately translated by poets, so that the disturbances between the score and the libretto are smaller than I have ever yet to hear it.

I think that the broadening influence of an education in other languages is as important as learning actually to sing, and certainly the melodious accents of Italian and the declamatory powers of the French language cannot be transcribed in modern lyric English.

With standardized conservatories in this country and the establishment of the operatic organizations for which I am making a plea in this article, it should become possible for a student to complete a musical education and compete for the highest honors in grand opera right at home, instead of encountering the difficulties of a musical education abroad. Every aspirant for grand opera laurels, however, should consider foreign travel and study as a great enriching influence in her education.

While it is not probable that we will see the prevalence of established opera companies in the secondary cities in this generation, the time seems ripe for a strong impetus in that direction. In fact, for the last three or four years, there has been an inspiration and an urge for musical expression, manifested by the organization of community choruses in the school houses and out in the open, the many public concerts in the parks, participated in by well-known singers, and given under the auspices of the municipality not only in New York, but in scores of cities from coast to coast, which cannot but be the forerunner of what we are hoping for in our national music. We also know that there are many fine-spirited souls possessed of the necessary ambition and talent who are even now laying a foundation and stimulating others in an endeavor to make municipal opera a positive result. Every effort, no matter how small, brings us nearer to the vision of the idealists, among whom I count myself, of making America as rich in music as she has proven herself in many sterling qualities.

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UNDER THE HUN'S BOMBING PLANES

Nightly Raids from the Air Over an American Hospital and Canteen near Rheims

THE THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A RED CROSS WORKER CLOSE TO THE FIRING LINE IN FRANCE

By MARY HELEN FEE

WHEN the first offensive began to the north of us, we, who were stationed in the American Canteen at E——, not more than fifteen miles from Rheims, were thrilled by the sight of the thousands of automobile trucks, which like a mighty river flowed ceaselessly by our canteen carrying French troops up to the English front; and we grew sad when we beheld ambulance convoys hurrying in the same direction.

We could not be oblivious to certain signs which pointed to renewed activity in our sector. The American ambulance boys predicted with the emphasis and at the same time with the vagueness born of surmise instead of exact knowledge, that we should " see something doing " in a few weeks.

What chiefly excited our curiosity, however, was the scarcity of German airplanes. Although the days were clear and fine for observing, only occasionally did the barking of guns call us outside to behold a little white, shimmering object skipping defiantly through extremest blue while tufts of woolly cloud broke far below it, serving only to aid us in detecting the almost invisible plane. One came over one night just about sunset, and called us and our dinner guests from the beginning of a meal. Another paid us an early morning call. Then for nearly three weeks we enjoyed undisturbed rest at night. Not once did the " alerte " send us shivering to damp cellars; not once did we hear the deep " boom " followed by a savage jar and rattle which differentiates the

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falling bomb or torpedo from the cannon. We said, fatuously, that we believed all the airplanes were engaged up on the English front, and that at last our mastery of the air must be firmly established.

It was on a Monday that the news of the second offensive reached us. Trains from Paris were delayed and the Paris papers did not arrive, but the ambulance men told us there was a German offensive from Rheims to Soissons. Next day the canteen was crowded with permissionaires hastily recalled from leave and hurrying to join their regiments at the front. Most of them had passed through, ten to two days before, in the subdued good humor with which the poilu hails his bath, disinfecting, clean clothes, and relative security of body while on a ten days' leave. They were going back to face death, mutilation, and an experience which drives many men mad. There was no undue hilarity about them, but a quiet determination which has been reflected in the stand made by the armies. Here and there a weakling had tried to escape thought in drink, but the percentage of that sort was very small.

On Tuesday more news drifted in, and that night I did not fully undress on going to bed. So strongly can the sense of optimism be grown from little habit that a respite of three weeks from bombing attacks had almost (though not quite) convinced me there would never be any more. I may explain that I was serving as canteen accountant, and occupied a tiny three-room apartment across the street from the canteen, between it and the railway station, and I took my meals at one of the two Red Cross houses maintained in E——.

WHAT THE HUN SEEKS TO BOMB

WHEN a town is bombed, the Germans have various objectives, principally the railway stations, troop barracks, canteens, munition dumps, food stores, and hospitals. As a rule, when private homes are destroyed, it is because they happen to be close to these points of attack. Torpedoes are too expensive to be wasted in chance destruction.

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In towns in the war zone, great precaution is taken to prevent even a thin line or dot of light from showing at night. Only the railroad shows its signal lights, and these are put out at the first alarm, while all moving trains come to a standstill and extinguish what lights they carry. The lamps in passenger coaches are always put out when the train enters the war zone. So the bombing aviator has a rather difficult task in getting his bombs exactly where he wants them. The bomb must be released about a thousand feet in advance of the object aimed at, and the plane must pass over and reverse its course before a second bomb can be thrown at the same target. The course of a plane can be followed by tracing its bombs.

My position during a bombing raid was most unenviable. A torpedo cast at the railway station and going a bit too far was likely to land on the two-story brick house in which I was lodged. One cast at the canteen, and falling short, was likely to do the same.

It is fashionable among the workers in France to affect great indifference to danger. I am free to confess that I am not a particularly courageous woman. My imagination is active, and on nights when we expect a bombing raid I always go through a period of misery before going to bed. I would not for anything leave the war zone, but I have always a lively vision of coming out of slumber to the accompaniment of fearful noise and the crashing of the building atop, and then my coward imagination paints pictures of lying torn and anguished under settling weights or of being burned alive while disabled and unable to extricate myself. Oddly enough, all my terrors vanish with the falling of the first bomb. I cannot remember being in what the English call a "blue funk" while a raid is going on, though many a time I have been in one beforehand.

Tuesday night some subtle instinct warned that trouble might come. In accordance with a natural forethought I slipped into a suit of underwear and woollen stockings under my nightdress. I must have been asleep in three minutes after my head touched the pillow, for I was dead tired.

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HOW IT FEELS TO BE BOMBED

I WAKENED with the sense that I had heard a gun, and, with one stockinged foot thrust out of bed, wondered sleepily whether it was the first, second or third of the alerte, or whether indeed I had not wakened from a dream of a gun. Probably it was the last gun of the alerte, for the next sound was the thunderous roar of a bomb which clearly had landed close by (it got a railway shed and a freight car on the tracks behind me). The terrific noise and the shock to our building, which rattled as if it were coming down, considerably accelerated my movements. I snapped on the electric torch which always lay, together with my cap and slippers, beside the bed, slipped a skirt over my nightdress and my great-coat atop, and got into the cap and slippers in record time. But by the time I had crossed the flagged passage and wrestled with the lock of the "grande porte" there was no getting out of the house. The canteen, directly across the street, lay in utter darkness, lights out, doors locked. There was no hope of using it as a short cut to the *abris,* or shelter, on the other side, while to try to go around it was almost certain death. The sky was ablaze with breaking shells from our seventy-fives; shrapnel was falling like hail in the streets, while the steady "pup-pup" of machine guns—both our own and the bombing planes'—advised all who could to remain under shelter. The noise of our guns and of the bombs was like a small inferno.

I stayed it out—about twenty minutes—alone in that dark flagged hallway, and it was lonesome. When the shrapnel and machine gun fire let up sufficiently to make it safe, I crept along under the shelter of the eaves to the door of a courtyard next door where I knew one of our cooks lived. She had invited me a few days before, to refuge there instead of trying to get over to the *abris,* because, she said, the whole upper lofts were full of hay, and it had been demonstrated that bombs will not penetrate to any depth in hay. But the door was locked, and though I beat upon it with my electric torch, nobody heard me. I finally took advantage of a lull in

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the firing, when the Germans went back to their own lines for more ammunition, to get over to the *abris*.

There one of the women on night duty at the canteen told me that the directrice and everybody else not on night duty, had gone up to the evacuation hospital about ten o'clock, in response to a call for aid from the French authorities.

THE HOSPITALS UNDER THE BOMBS

IN E—— there were half a dozen large hospitals. The wounded, chiefly English, were coming in faster than the hospital corps could handle them. They needed our help, not only in registering the men—very few of whom understood any French—but in feeding and giving water.

I got to the hospital the next day and worked steadily till eight thirty. Then an ambulance driver gave me a lift as far as the canteen, and I managed to get a cold supper at our mess.

I was hardly in my office before I heard a knock at the door, which, as I was alone in the house, I always locked at night as soon as I entered. In response to my "Who's there?" a voice, guided by my English, replied, "I am an English officer." I threw open the door without a second's hesitation. A young officer, weary, white-faced, stood there, beginning to apologize as he saw my uniform and white veil. He was simply "done," he said—and he looked it. He had found every hotel was full, and, seeing a few gleams of light behind the shutters, he had knocked in the hope of finding shelter for the night. I knew that the woman at the canteen who would go off duty at midnight was scheduled to go immediately to the hospital to work until seven in the morning and that I could occupy her bed after I came back from the hospital, and I offered my apartment to the officer for the night. He was most grateful, and I rushed over to the canteen to get him a pitcher of hot water and a cup of chocolate. But there I found a group of French officers, who said they had had neither sleep nor rest for three days and nights, pleading for some place to lie down. As there was a

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comfortable leather couch in my office, besides a wide soft couch over which I had laid my steamer rug, and, in addition, an exceedingly soft double bed in my room which I thought the tired Englishman ought to be willing to share with an equally tired man, I proffered my hospitality, which was gratefully accepted. I piloted them across to the office, and returned to the canteen, hoping to find an American ambulance boy who would run me over to the hospital.

TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS TO THE RESCUE

I SIGHTED a group of the familiar uniforms, and was heading for it when, bang! went a falling bomb, without any warning alerte. The next instant all lights were out, and the French soldiers were swarming through the door. As all the other women in the canteen had set duties to perform—putting out fires, locking up money and food—and I, not being on duty, had none, I stationed myself at the door, calling out to the soldiers where they would find shelter. Being transients, they did not know where to find refuge. But long before the canteen was empty, the machine gun bullets were sweeping the street and the shrapnel was raining down. Two American boys came up in the darkness, and one said in the quietest tone of authority, "Get between us, lady!" They backed me up against the side of the canteen, close under the shelter of the eaves, and stood one on each side of me. I had no trench-helmet, so one of them took his sheepskin driving coat, folded it, and put it over his head and mine. As soon as a lull in the firing permitted, we ran across the street to the *abris*. The Germans went back several times for more ammunition and continued the bombing for nearly two hours.

One of our workers, who was at the hospital, told me that her first impulse was to run for an *abris* as we would do at the canteen, but when she looked about her and saw everybody composedly going on with duty, she gathered herself together and did the same—"Although," she added, "my teeth just rattled at first." Some of the wounded were terri-

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fied and begged not to be left; and that called out the mother instinct in the women, so that they forgot to be afraid.

The Germans swept the hospital with their machine guns and did their best to bomb it, but fortunately made no hits. It was finally necessary to put out all lights and to cease work. It was a most trying ordeal, because the buildings were of pine, close together, and a direct hit probably would have started a fire which would have burned the wounded as they lay.

About half past one I went up to our mess and crawled into an empty bed. The next morning when I awakened it was to the sound of distant cannon. This meant that the battle was drawing nearer.

An especially hard day kept me on the strain from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. and when I returned to the mess I found no dinner and no servants. Our directrice, anticipating evacuation, had dismissed them. Only a little Belgian refugee, a sort of " slavey," hung on, because she had no other place to go. Tired out, I managed to make an omelet and a cup of tea, and to fry some griddle cakes to replace the bread which was conspicuous by its absence. Then I stationed myself in front of the canteen hoping to flag a passing ambulance. An American driver stopped his car, and a Frenchman, who was beside him on the front seat, jumped down to help me up. This man had a bandage around his throat, and when I asked him if he was wounded, he made a hissing sound in reply. The American driver explained that he could not speak because he had a bullet through his windpipe. There were six badly wounded men on the stretchers inside, but we heard not a sound from them.

A THRILLING NIGHT UNDER FIRE

I SHALL not soon forget that night. I had steeled myself to meet horrors, and knew that I *must not* let them affect me. Yet in spite of terrible wounds, there was little sound of suffering. The place was wonderfully quiet.

When I got inside of the receiving room, a group

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of our women who had been at work all afternoon were still moving about, white and hollow-eyed with fatigue. A French doctor asked if I could not bring some food there from the canteen. It was Thursday. Some of the men had been wounded on Tuesday, and had had no food and little water.

I found an English girl with an empty ambulance, who risked a reprimand for leaving without orders, and we flashed back to the canteen, and loaded up with twenty gallons of hot chocolate, bread, about three hundred hard boiled eggs, some kilos of chocolate, and raw eggs and sugar. We flew back to the hospital; but there was a big convoy of ambulances just in, so that we could not get up to the main buildings. We scouted around in the dark to find a place to deposit our stuff and open a temporary kitchen, and, returning to the ambulance, we came across a wounded boy who had sunk on a bench. The ambulance driver had passed him, making his way on foot, but being full-up, she was unable to give him a lift. He was wounded in the chest, was exhausted, and had no great-coat. It was absolutely necessary to get him under cover and to give him warmth and nourishment. We put our arms around him and tried to help him along, but soon it was apparent that he had not the strength to make the reception ward.

The English girl said, "You hold him up while I get a stretcher"; so I jammed myself up against the side of a building and put my arms about the boy while his weight grew heavier and heavier against me. I could not let him slip, because the roadway was narrow and a long string of ambulances, without lights, was passing. He never uttered a sound, but his arms moved convulsively. As he felt himself growing weaker, he put them around my neck, and clung to me precisely as a frightened child would. It seemed an age while I waited there, warning off ambulances that were about to shave us too closely. I could not help wondering where that boy's mother was, what she was doing, or if he had a mother. And I thought some terrible thoughts about war and some wicked ones about Germans.

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TAKING CARE OF THE WOUNDED

THE girl came with her stretcher at last, and we got the boy on it. Then we went about setting up our feeding station. Hungry men limped in, bandaged mostly about the head, and *how* they consumed hard boiled eggs and drank hot chocolate! I left the English girl dispensing food and drink, while I took to the badly wounded a mixture of beaten egg, hot milk and sugar. Here and there men asked for a piece of chocolate or bread, but most of the wounded wanted only the liquid food. They would say with their awful English cockney accent, "Ah! that's good!" or "Prime stuff!" or "Could you spare a little more, sister?" In spite of dreadful wounds, they were full of pluck.

For the next two hours I gave water and egg mixture to all sorts and conditions of men—English, French, Canadians, Moroccans, Sengalese. The doctor asked if I knew enough to administer morphine hypodermics, and I regretfully admitted that I did not, while I registered a vow to learn. Then some American Red Cross men appeared, and some English doctors. Before midnight three or four long Red Cross trains had been filled with wounded, and sent out. Yet at that hour more than five hundred wounded men still lay on their stretchers on the grass outside. And all the while, as I worked, I thought of how, as soon as the moon came up, we should hear the familiar roar and rattle of the bombs, and of how the shrapnel and machine gun bullets would rain down on those upturned faces.

But, grace to heaven, the Germans did not come that night! At midnight I went into Ward 4, where some of the worst wounded had been placed. Stretchers had been laid on top of the beds and flat on the floor on both sides of the central aisle, till one could hardly move. Most of the wounded seemed to sleep. Only here and there one begged for water, and these men were usually wounded in the abdomen where not even water could be given. We could moisten their lips and wipe off the hot feverish faces, and that was all.

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By one o'clock it was evident that the most of what could be done had been done. Another section of our women had arrived with more food, and I went out to the covered way between the receiving room and the operating room, to steal a ride home on the driver's seat of some departing ambulance. An English boy, who had been gassed, asked me hoarsely if I could get him a blanket, and I did so. Another man was there, on whose eyelashes and eyebrows something that looked like ice seemed to hang. I think it was an application to soothe gas-burns.

It was two o'clock before I got to bed at the mess. The English officer was still occupying my apartment. I might pass off my action in resigning it to him as philanthropy, but candor compels me to admit that I was glad of an excuse to stay at the house where there was company in case of a bombing raid.

UNDER THE HUNS' SHELL FIRE

FRIDAY was a long, tense day. The French merchants and all the people with whom we had dealings, anticipating our withdrawal, swarmed in with accounts. When the G. A. N. (Grande Armée Nationale) sent in its request for a check (previously, I had been obliged fairly to windlass their bill out of them), I knew the French would evacuate. The Commandant sent for the Directrice, and advised her to follow French headquarters wherever it might move. He said he was evacuating all French hospitals and had turned over all evacuation hospitals to the English. No more wounded French were to be brought into E——.

All day I worked without food, and after 7:30 got supper for myself and three companions. We hoped for a night's rest, but the Germans began bombing us at dusk, and kept it up till daylight. They were after the hospitals, as we knew by the fact that the dropping bombs were at a distance from us and the regular line. All night the machine gun battle went on—our own guns at E——. warring with the sweeping planes overhead. We got so tired of going to

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shelter, and so accustomed to the firing, that we finally stayed in our rooms and even opened our shutters to peer out into the calm summer sky. Shells were bursting and ground signals of colored lights were streaming skyward. It was too exciting to sleep until we gave out from sheer exhaustion. I managed to get an intermittent slumber from four until seven.

As there was no breakfast at our mess, I went to the canteen for a cup of coffee, and found the place crowded. The French Commander said that our town was due to be shelled before long as we were getting in range of the German guns. We decided not to go until we had to, but to cease keeping the canteen open at night; to sell only hot coffee, chocolate, bread, cheese, eggs and apples by day—thus omitting our hot meal—and to divide our forces, one part to run the canteen, another to organize a temporary canteen on the grounds of the evacuation hospital, and still another to maintain the rolling canteen at the railway station. The streets were almost blocked with refugees. I saw one unconscious woman in a wheelbarrow being trundled by a boy. Regiments went through, going up to the front, the men's faces stern and set. The sound of the battle grew louder and louder.

SERVING COFFEE UNDER BOMBING PLANES

THAT night we bundled our bedding into the Ford camion, and slept in one of the deep champagne caves. I had volunteered to go on duty at the canteen at six the next morning, and arriving there on time, found two or three hundred tired and hungry men waiting for the doors to open. The night before a great thermos marmite had been filled with boiling coffee, and we were able to begin feeding the men without delay. All day we did a tremendous business. About half past nine a German plane came over, tried to bomb us, and swept the street with a machine gun. We continued serving and pouring out coffee. The aviator killed a woman and child who were standing in a garden, and then

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one of our machine guns got him. The plane, a three passenger one, came tumbling down into the public square. The pilot was caught with both legs under the engine and was badly hurt, but the observer and the gunner were uninjured. An infuriated Frenchman, who had seen the killing of the woman and child, rushed up and killed the gunner as they lifted him out. I got these facts from an American staff car driver who assisted in extricating the pilot. That morning, our guns got three German planes, much to our satisfaction.

At one that afternoon I left the canteen, and went home for the bath which I had missed that morning. I had just finished dressing when a German shell passed over the house, killing, as they said, twenty-seven persons.

I elected to stay over night at the hotel instead of going to the champagne cave. One of the women begged me to stay with her at our old mess, but I hesitated to do so because I was carrying a large amount of money belonging to the Red Cross, and the town was in more or less turmoil. All of the Red Cross men went off with their trucks to distant fields where there would be less danger of losing their vehicles, upon which we were dependent.

I threw myself, dressed, upon the bed, expecting every instant to hear the familiar boom and rattle of the bombs and the " pup-pup " of machine guns; but no sound disturbed the night except the distant thunder of the battle and the bursting of shells which were falling about a thousand yards short of the town. The Germans were trying to destroy the bridge over the Marne, to cut our communication with Rheims, but they did not have the range. They dug up the fields on the opposite bank, but did no real damage.

About two o'clock I fell asleep. The next morning four of us went first to Chalons, and then to a canteen at Jessains. Close to midnight we stepped out on the platform at Jessains to behold the welcome lights of the canteen glowing. Beds were hastily prepared for us, and for the first time since Saturday morning we got out of our clothes to sleep.

At Jessains we remained for a week. Rooms were requisitioned for us in the old chateau of Boissancourt, at one

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end of the sleepy village of that name. We awakened to the singing of birds, to vistas of daisy-starred lawns and clumps of trees cleverly concealing surrounding outbuildings and stables; we walked to our meals at the canteen through a glorious wood, over old bridges spanning the swift clear Aube, and through wheat fields all ablaze with poppies. We found beds of wild strawberries and the grandfathers of all snails in the wood, waded in a sparkling brook, and worked from four to nine each afternoon in the canteen. After a week of this luxurious ease, thoroughly rested, we came on to Paris, to learn that our canteen had been evacuated entirely.

The streets of Paris are not so crowded as formerly, but I have had to stand always in street cars and in the underground, and I am getting bored, and yearn once more for the strenuous life.

FROM MY DUGOUT—TO YOU

By RALPH M. THOMSON

UNGODLY shells are singing overhead
Their strident measures to the weeping night;
Piercing the gloom, the rockets in their flight
Impart a ghostly pallor to the red,
Red fields, where mangled human forms lie dead.
The shrill staccatos of machine guns smite
The helpless darkness; and from height to height,
Drowning the Babel of bullets that thread
Their fiendish way beyond the last redoubt,
Is heard the groans and cries of wounded men.
But safely sheltered in my crude dugout,
And with my heart-thoughts fixed on home again,
I'm turning from the life I now pursue
To write a little love-note, dear, to—*you*.

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WHAT TAXES SHOULD I PAY?

By PERLEY MORSE, C. P. A.

[AUTHOR OF THE A B C OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES]

WHOEVER may have been the author of that much-used saying, "Nothing is sure but death and taxes," certainly lived in those happy days before war taxes, additional normal taxes, excess profit taxes, the surtax, Capital Stock Tax, Undistributed Net Income Tax, State Income Tax, Returns of Information and the seemingly hundred and one twists and quirks to the tax problems of today that confront us all.

It is not an easy matter for the average man to keep proper track of just what tax returns he must make out or where and when to file them. Our tax laws of today are "fearfully and wonderfully made!" The very nature of our varied forms of business, incomes and expenditures makes this necessary.

These are just taxes. We are getting our money's worth for them, and more. No other people in the world get as good returns for their tax money as we of the United States. Yet all this does not alter the fact that the average man is up against a difficult problem in the matter of making sure that he is neither cheating his Government out of a penny that rightfully belongs to it, nor cheating himself by paying more than is asked of him, or than is necessary.

In a few of the instances that came to our attention there seemed to be really criminal attempts to evade taxation, but in a great many cases the tax reports were made carelessly without any particular effort on the part of the taxpayers to either guard their rights or those of the Government and this resulted in as many over-payments as under-payments.

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Just as there are no two people who are exactly alike in looks, tastes, temper and other physical and mental attainments, neither are there two people whose tax return blank may be properly filled out just alike, item for item, sum for sum and penny for penny. It does not matter how brilliant a person may be, unless he is skilled in the gentle art of filling out tax returns and has made a long study of it, he is quite likely to make errors. They may be errors that favor the Government or errors that favor himself. The patriotic man—and there are mighty few of any other sort—certainly does not wish to favor himself and cheat his Government.

Not only are there different forms for different incomes, but for different forms of income. Corporations, co-partnerships and individuals, each are required to file different puzzling tax returns. The requirements in the way of reports from individuals in business are somewhat different from those called for from persons whose sole income is from investments, or from salaries.

MR. AVERAGE MAN MOPS HIS BROW

BUSINESS corporations and co-partnerships, generally, have to file Federal Income and Excess Profits Tax Returns, yet there are exceptions! All business corporations are compelled to calculate and return the fair value of their entire Capital Stock. The Corporation Undistributed Net Income Tax hits some corporations and not others. The New York State tax of 3 per cent under Section 9-a of the Tax Law applies to all mercantile and manufacturing corporations organized under the Laws of the State of New York. Other States have their special laws covering such corporations. This means a return, too. Then there are special Federal Taxes on a long list of occupations ranging in amount at this writing from $3 per annum in the case of small tobacco manufacturers to $600 per annum against manufacturers of adulterated butter and oleomargarine.

Almost from the top to the bottom of the tax return blanks here is something puzzling, questions and calculations

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which seem simple enough of themselves but which are baffling because of their multiplicity.

The "Normal Tax" seems simple enough. But there is now an "additional Normal Tax." How to combine them is a matter that needs consideration. To compute one's net income should be a simple matter. But how about subtracting excess profit taxes and ascertaining the income that is properly subject to surtax? The citizen may struggle through this and then bump into the little problem of computing his normal tax on that basis, less credit additional exemption under the Act of September 8, 1916.

By that time Mr. Average Man will sit back and mop his fevered brow and wish for a few minutes earnest conversation with the man who told him that "anyone can make out his tax return in a few minutes."

There are to be considered such things as dividends, stock dividends, scrip certificates, dividends paid in securities of other corporations, dividends subject only to additional tax, the elusive "bonus" and who pays the tax on that amount. Then one follows on through the maze of rulings concerning rights to subscribe to stock, and interest, and bonds purchased with accrued interest. Foreign securities must be considered, insurance dividends, accident and health insurance, royalties, income accruing to a minor child and the divisions and subdivisions and sub-subdivisions covering real estate. Partnership profits must also be accurately noted and taxes paid thereon.

It has been said that not more than 10 per cent of the farmers keep books and that a great number of them did not pay war taxes because they actually had no means of knowing their income or whether they stood on the profit or loss side of the ledger that they never kept. Yet the farmer is as patriotic as any. If he knew how to fill out a tax return he would do so. Nearly as intricate as the return of a corporation may be that of the farmer, for a great many things are taken into consideration by the Government, such as deducting the cost price of stock, the loss of stock, his products sold, his products still held for the market, farm machinery,

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depreciation of his property, the Government's definition of "farm" and of "farmer."

TAX BLANKS MAKE SANSKRIT LIGHT READING

CERTAIN incomes are exempt, some Liberty Bonds are not taxable in any amount, others are, above a certain amount. There are fine distinctions as to "depreciation." The matter of contributions must be considered, and bad debts which may or may not be deductible. It may interest many to know that our new taxes call for a decision as to just who is the head of every family. The Government seeks the truth, also, concerning partnerships and your fiscal year, fiduciaries making payment of an income over a certain amount, husband and wife's joint and separate returns, and other seemingly unimportant but really very important matters.

Not all of these problems must be solved by every man. Not all of them must be solved by any man, but many of them come to every man and it is little wonder that most good citizens feel like taking up Egyptiology or Sanskrit for light reading after studying some of the various tax return blanks.

Tax Returns prepared by reputable Certified Public Accountants are usually nearly correct. The complex laws which went into effect last year made thousands retain accountants in this connection who had never done so before. This affords us an opportunity to see the result of the taxpayers' own efforts in previous years, to find the few who seemingly deliberately sought to evade full payment and of the many who, in their anxiety to be square with Uncle Sam, needlessly overpaid.

One individual who retained us for the first time in 1917 had always taken his Income Tax Returns very seriously. It was apparent that he considered it by far the best policy to keep in good standing with the Treasury Department, and to do this he believed that it was best to have a good sized credit balance there, the same as with his bank, because he

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always knowingly overstated his income and in 1915 when the tax blanks came out with a space headed "50 per cent Additional Tax" he asked no questions at all, but filled it out and sent in his check.

Another man thought that "Inventories" under the caption COST OF GOODS SOLD on his Income Tax Return meant his entire inventory of Assets, Plant, Cash, Accounts Receivable, etc., as well as Merchandise. He invested some additional capital in 1917 and imposed both Income and Excess Profits Taxes upon it against himself, due to the fact that his "Inventory" at the end of the year was increased by his new investment.

The Invested Capital feature of the Excess Profits Tax Law furnishes a good argument for having accounts which tell the truth. A large manufacturing concern organized back in the '80s had written off very heavy depreciation ever since it started business, considering this sound and conservative business policy. The result was that their $5,000,000.00 plant was on the ledger for about $1,500,000.00. We investigated a lot of old records which they fortunately had and were able to dig up facts which justified the restoring to Surplus of some $2,000,000.00 of excess depreciation which had been written off prior to 1913 when the Income Tax Law first went into effect. The result was that this concern's deduction on account of the 9 per cent allowed on Invested Capital was increased by $180,000.00.

"CONCEALED ASSETS" A LOSS TO UNCLE SAM

THE Federal Capital Stock Tax Return blank issued in 1918 required information as to the amount of Net Income returned for Income Tax purposes for each of the five preceding years. This brought to light the fact that many business houses had not kept copies of their returns or did not know why the returns in question did not agree with their books. Most tax returns do not show the same amount of Net Income as the taxpayers' books as certain classes of income are not taxable and certain expenses, though entirely

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proper from a business standpoint, are not deductible; but where no memorandum of differences of this kind is kept it is often impossible to explain them after several years have elapsed.

It has been pleasing to find that deliberate falsification of books for the purpose of dodging taxes is rare. Yet Uncle Sam has many millions of dollars of what we accountants call "Concealed Assets," in taxes that have not been paid in full. By far the greater part of this has been withheld through the very natural disposition on the part of those reporting their incomes to give themselves the benefit of the doubt. This began the first year that the law went into effect. Naturally these returns were accepted by the collectors, and tax bills were sent for the amount shown on the returns as filed, which seemed to settle the matter so far as the doubtful points which had arisen were concerned. And when others arose in succeeding years they were "settled" quite as easily and favorably.

Our Treasury Department is now setting under way an intensive drive for the collection of all taxes, beginning with the year 1913, that have been withheld in this way. This is a stupendous task, but a large force of Internal Revenue Inspectors are at work and are fast bringing it up to date. Additional taxes and penalties, as prescribed, are being imposed.

Few citizens, especially the citizens with average incomes, have much knowledge of just what share of his income goes to defray the expenses of our Government. There seems to be a common belief that the income up to $2,000 per annum should pay no taxes, but the truth is that a considerable portion of every dollar spent by every man, woman and child, goes to pay both the direct and the indirect taxes for the support of the Government—Federal, State, County and Municipal—and the demands of each branch become greater, year by year.

The mention of "Corporation Taxes" does not seem to interest the man of small income, but it should. There is no reason for him to dismiss the subject as having no per-

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sonal bearing upon his affairs because it certainly does have just such a bearing. He helps to pay all such taxes in just so far as he is a consumer of the articles made or the services rendered by these corporations.

WE GET FULL VALUE FOR OUR TAXES

EVERY individual should take into consideration the various ways by which the tax collectors levy indirectly on the wage-earners and the small-income man. There is food, clothing and shelter which consumes the greater share of the contents of the wage-earner's weekly pay envelope or the small income. These are universal needs. They cannot be set aside or avoided.

The farmer producing foods, the railroads transporting goods and men engaged in making, handling and selling goods; the beef packers; the commission merchants; the storage warehouses; the wholesalers and, finally, the retailers, all have various taxes to pay, either directly or indirectly assessed against them. Therefore, to pay these taxes, they must charge in just so much more for their product or their service. Thus it is that in the end the consumer pays the taxes and the wage-earner or man with small income pays for the support of his Government every time that he spends as much as a nickel at the provision store or meat market.

All this holds equally true with clothing. The wool-grower and the cotton planter, the railroad that transports the wool and the cotton; the manufacturer and the dealer all pay direct or indirect taxes and add them to their charges to the public.

Probably the oldest of modern taxes are those on land and buildings—the real estate taxes. Our State, County and Municipal revenues much come largely from such taxation. It does not matter whether one is renting a hall bedroom, a tiny flat or a large airy apartment; whether one owns a house in the country or rents one there; whether one lives in town in a hotel or owns a city house; every one must pay a certain amount of the real estate tax. If you lease the

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premises or the room, the landlord adds at least a pro rata amount of the tax levied upon him to your bill for rent. The increased taxation has been one of the causes of soaring rents.

There are also to be considered taxes that cover water, sewer, garbage, road, street, sidewalk, snow removal, school, street lighting, franchise and license. State, County, Town or City must levy these taxes or there could be no more modern improvements than one would find in the wilderness. The tax payer must settle for all of this. Every nickel that you pay for a street car ride must have certain portion sliced off of it to help pay the transportation company's heavy taxes.

Many luxuries of yesterday have become the necessities of today, yet they are actually just outside of the realm of necessities according to the "food, clothes and shelter" standard. Taxes are levied on automobiles, motorcycles, gasoline, inheritance, express service, telephone and telegraph, investments, stocks, bonds, mortgages, medicines, perfumes, toilet articles, chewing gum, jewelry, sporting goods, cameras, boats, insurance, oil, club dues, admissions, tobacco and the like. Some taxes we pay in our purchase price, the possession of some luxuries must be reckoned in tax returns. And then customs taxes are paid by the consumer in any and in all events.

I do not know of anything that is not taxed, either directly or indirectly.

Taxes are the price of development and civilization, and it is worth it.

This price is paid by everyone, no matter what his condition, socially or financially. But to know just what taxes one should pay is a problem that needs careful consideration and, generally, the guidance of an expert if one wishes to render unto Uncle Sam that which is justly Uncle Sam's.

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WAR-TIME SPIRITISM

By PROFESSOR JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D., LL.D.

THE present great war has awakened interest in psychic research not because it is war, but because the number of deaths simply enhances an interest that death always creates in some minds. A death in the community may arouse only the family in which it occurs, but when a million people die from so horrible a thing as war the interest is multiplied or increased geometrically. The evidence of its increased interest is in the reception of the subject by the newspapers, the more frequent talk about the matter in private families, the sale of books on the subject, and especially the work of Sir Oliver Lodge, whose scientific standing and choice of a dead son as the subject of the work gave a poignant interest that seemed personal to each mother who might lose a son in the great conflict.

No one can measure the extent to which war has affected people. It is not a matter of statistics. Nor can we adequately summarize at this time the increased interest in Spiritism that has resulted from war's greatest and most deplorable cost—the loss of a million or more lives. But we know that it is awakening more and more of the interest that it deserves, and is being given greater recognition and more sincere thought in the churches than ever before. This is because the fact of death resulting from the war has been brought home to each individual more effectively than in ordinary life, and people who have been silent on the whole subject are called upon to meet the fears and the losses of their friends. If they cannot offer consolation and comfort to the mourning, they are helpless and even useless members of the community. They must conjure up some word of hope or comfort, even if it is only a vague philosophy.

But Spiritism is not vague in its verdict. It is more direct and confident than even religion which has only faith

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to support itself. Spiritism speaks in the name of science and intends that its belief will have the same credentials as Copernican astronomy, Newtonian gravitation and Darwinian evolution. It is not uncertain in its sound.

We are firmly planted on the threshold of a new order of things. Spiritualists of the old-school are beginning to see that they must change their tactics. Particularly that they must give up their public performances, which from every point of view only bring discredit on the whole doctrine. They have never made any headway at all with these exhibitions, although some of them have been undertaken, even of recent years under very pretentious auspices; and they are beginning to realize this. And there will be a general advance all along the line. Many of the orthodox churches are going to take up Spiritism seriously from the standpoint of science. They will accept the verdict of science and go on with their ethical and spiritual work in the world. They will find that their belief in a future life is proved by science and they will use that foundation for all it is worth. Whenever a religious man can quote science in his own favor he invariably does so. The only thing that has kept the churches out of Spiritism hitherto is the universal distrust of many of the Spiritualists.

SPIRITISM IN ORTHODOX CHURCHES

IT is strange that the church did not see the light sooner. Some of them do see it and are beginning to feel their way into the consideration of it. One Episcopalian clergyman of Boston has preached it 20 years so tactfully that only Spiritualists would discover it. Another has openly avowed his interest in it, much to the disgust of some of his members. Others speak of it indirectly, perhaps calling it science instead of Spiritism. One minister appealed to by a parishioner to know if she should prosecute her interest in the subject told her that her gift of automatic writing was a divine one and not to "lend" it; that is, not to prostitute it as is so often done. Another went to her pastor and told him she would have to leave the church as she was convinced

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that Spiritualism was true, while the church condemed it. The pastor simply replied that she did not need to leave the church because it had always believed in the "communion of the saints"! That is, it had always believed in communication with the dead!

Many will revolt at this, but the pastor was correct, at least so far as the formula was concerned, though it had perhaps become meaningless in the course of opposition to Spiritualists. Scores of clergymen have come to me to talk about the problem and to insure their faith. Some have left the church because it will not grant them freedom to discuss it. Many parishoners adopt the belief in spirit communication and remain with the churches because of their influence and their own desire to remain respectable. They perhaps see that the church was originally but a group of men interested in psychic phenomena. No one can read the New Testament intelligently without seeing that it was a "society for psychic research," even though it had not the machinery of scientific method for making this clear.

There is at present a very hopeful outlook for a general spread of interest among all classes of people. All we need is to get matters on to a scientific foundation, and so independent of the everlasting appeal to the sensational world. We have made some definite steps, but no one but ourselves really comprehend the magnitude of our task. To begin, the mere collection of evidence to show survival is a very difficult and costly matter. This evidence can be gotten only under certain kinds of conditions, and never depends on either the honesty or intelligence of the person to whom it comes. It depends, contrariwise, on their *absolute ignorance* of the facts. We have to experiment as we would with machines. The only result that is of any value is that from which we deduce indubitable proof that it cannot come from the mind in which it *seems* to originate. The current belief is that a medium is a wise woman who can tell you all sorts of things about spirits, but this is exactly the sort of thing we do not want. We must be sure that the medium *could not* possibly know the facts.

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NEW TESTAMENT A TREATISE ON PSYCHIC RESEARCH

A SECOND and equally important branch of the field will be the application of psychic influence and knowledge to the treatment of certain types of insanity which are not organic insanity in the medical sense of the term, but represent maladies not yet recognized by the medical world. They are such cases as hysteria, dementia precox, paranoia, and even possibly manic depressive insanity, many cases of which, perhaps not all, are undoubtedly affected whether consciously or unconsciously by spiritistic influence.

The application of psychic research to healing is but the effort to repeat the phenomena of the New Testament. But there is no means to apply it in the way that modern medical science requires. As individuals a few of us in psychic research have applied it to some of the maladies named above and have succeeded in curing a number of patients who were pronounced incurable by the ablest medical authorities. One man who was regarded as a paranoiac was told he would have to go to Bellevue Hospital and not wishing to do so, came to me and in three days by hypnotic suggestion I had him cured. This was some six years ago and he is now earning his living satisfactorily without a burden on the state. A child suffering from dementia precox was greatly improved, but lacking the means for continuing the treatment we had to abandon the case before it was cured, though we had her nearly free. It was a case of obsession. We have dealt with several cases of this kind and they are more numerous than the public suspects, and more easily cured in some instances than the medical man supposes. We have not as yet proved to what extent such influences are present, but there is enough evidence of the fact to make it imperative to apply the method on a large scale to the insane, if only as an experiment for determining the facts. We cannot boast much as yet, but we can challenge attention.

This science will involve as great a revolution in the interpretation of nature, as it will in theories of medicine. What we are going to find in our particular field is that mental forces are a good deal like the mechanical. There is

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indeed a whole new world of scientific exploration at our back and we are venturing into this realm with a strength of spirit and a hopefulness commensurate to our enterprise. This great war has brought tens of thousands to our standard the majority of whom will remain our faithful followers for all time.

THE WAR AND PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

MY capable co-worker, Mr. Hereward Carrington, who has given more specific attention to the tabulating of phenomena actually arising out of the war, than myself, has recorded the following among other cases. They are given in the actual language of the narrators:

A VISION OF DEATH

"My uncle was sergeant in the Second Regiment of Infantry when war was declared. He fought in the first battle, taken prisoner to Mayence, and thence to Torgau, where he remained nine or ten months.

"On Low Sunday, one of his comrades invited him to go into town in the afternoon. He preferred to remain in camp in his casemate, saying to his friend that he was not in good spirits, but not knowing himself what his sadness could be attributed to. Being left alone, or almost alone, he threw himself, entirely dressed, upon his bed and slept profoundly. As soon as he was asleep it seemed to him that he was in his father's house, and that his mother was dying on a bed. He saw his aunts caring for his mother until she died, about three o'clock. Then he awoke, and found that it had been only a dream.

"When his friend returned at six o'clock in the evening he told him what he had seen during his sleep, and he added: 'I am convinced that my mother died today about three o'clock.'

"He was laughed at for this idea, but a letter received from his brother confirmed the sad news.

"I think I ought to add that the dead woman was in a dying state about three o'clock."

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A DREAM VISION

"It was during the great war, my fiance was a soldier in the Army of the Rhine—if I do not mistake—and for a long time we had had no news of him. During the night of the 23rd of August I had a singular dream which tormented me, but to which I did not attach much importance. I found myself in a hospital ward, in the midst of which was a kind of a table on which my fiance was lying. His right arm was bare, and a severe wound could be seen near the right shoulder; two physicians, a Sister of Charity, and myself were near him. All at once he looked at me with his large eyes, and said to me: 'Do you still love me?' Some days later I learned from the mother of my fiance that he had been mortally wounded in the right shoulder, and that he had died on the 23rd of August. A Sister of Charity who had nursed him was the first person to tell us of his death."

A SOLDIER RETURNS

"In her country home surrounded by loving ones a young woman lay dying of that dread disease, Consumption. Her eldest brother had enlisted when the first call for soldiers had come and was now 'Somewhere in France.' When he left home she had been indisposed but no one thought that in a few short weeks her young life would be ended. But the progress of the disease was rapid and she was soon near the gates of eternity.

"During her entire illness she had almost daily expressed a desire that she might be able to see her brother once more, but it seemed that her wish was to be denied. And yet on this beautiful Autumn morning she surprised her parents by stating that during the night her brother had come to her and that she was now ready to go.

"Those who were gathered around her bed tried to tell her she had evidently dreamed he was there. But to them she replied, 'No, I did not dream it. I was not asleep but as wide awake as I am now. I saw him plainly, in his soldier clothes, as he stood by my bed. To me he said, "I knew

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you wanted me, Sis, so I have come. I cannot stay long. I must soon return. Do not fear, some day we'll be together forever. There will be no seas to separate us then. Until that time, good bye," and he faded away.' "

APPARITION SEEN BY A CHILD

" On May 13, my eldest son, who had enlisted as a volunteer six months before, at Valence, in the first Hussars, was taking part in the military manoeuvres in the country, which were shared in by his regiment. Being the foremost man of the advance guard, he was riding slowly, observing the country occupied by the enemy, when suddenly, out of an ambush formed on the edge of a narrow part of the road, came a shot which struck my unhappy son full in the breast. His death was almost immediate.

" The involuntary author of this fatal accident, seeing his comrade drop his reins and fall forward on the neck of his horse, rushed forward to help him, and he heard the words of the dying man uttered with his last sigh: 'You have done me an ill turn . . . but I forgive you. . . . For God and our country always! . . . Present!' . . . and so he died.

" Now this same day, May 13, about half past nine in the evening, while my wife was bustling about her household affairs, our little girl, then about two-and-a-half years old, came up to her mother and said, in her baby-talk: 'Mamma, look—godpapa' (my eldest was his sister's godfather); 'see mamma—see godpapa! I am playing with him!'

" 'Yes, yes, my darling, play away,' said her mother, busy and attaching no importance to the words of the child.

" But the little thing, hurt by her mother's indifference, insisted on attracting her attention, and went on, 'But, mamma, come and look at godpapa. . . . Look at him—there he is! Oh, how smartly he is dressed!'

" Then my wife remarked that as the child spoke she became, so to speak, transfigured. She was excited by this

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at first, but soon forgot what had passed. It lasted only a few moments, and it was not until two or three days later that she remembered these details.

"A little before noon we received a telegram telling us of the terrible accident which had befallen our beloved son, and subsequently I learned that his death took place almost at eight o'clock."

VISION COINCIDING WITH DEATH

"Mezieres, my native village, had been destroyed by a bombardment which lasted only thirty-six hours, but made many victims. Among these was the little daughter of our landlord, who was cruelly wounded. She was eleven or twelve years of age. At that time I was fifteen, and very often played with Leontine—that was her name.

"About the beginning of March I went to pass a few days at Domchery. Before I left home I knew that the poor little thing could never get better, but change of place and boyish carelessness made me forget by degrees the sorrows I had witnessed and the terrible scenes I had been through. I slept by myself in a long narrow room, the window of which looked out into the country. One evening, when I had gone to bed as usual at nine o'clock, I could not sleep, which was something remarkable, for as soon as dinner was over I could usually have slept standing. The moon was full and very bright. It lit up the garden and threw a strong ray of light into my chamber.

"As I could not go to sleep I listened to the town clocks striking the hours, which seemed to me very long. I gazed steadily at the window, which was just opposite my bed, and at half-past twelve I thought I saw a ray of moonshine moving slightly, then a shadowy, luminous form floated past, at first like a great white robe, then it took a bodily shape, and, coming up to my bed, stood there smiling at me. I uttered a cry of 'Leontine!' Then the bright shade, gliding as before, disappeared from the foot of my bed.

"Some days later I went home, and before any one had spoken to me of Leontine, I told them my vision. On the day

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and in the hour when she appeared to me the poor child had died."

APPARITION SEEN AT SEA

"M. G——, an officer in the merchant marine, had a brother with whom he was not on good terms. They had ceased to hold any relations with each other. M. G——, who is a first mate, was running from Hayti to Havre. In the course of the voyage, one night when he had gone to sleep as soon as his watch was over, he suddenly felt his hammock violently shaken, and his Christian name twice called, 'Emmanuel! Emmanuel!' He woke with a start, and thought at first it was a joke. Then he remembered that, except the captain, no one on board knew his first name. He got up, and went to ask the captain what he knew about it. The captain said he had never called him, and made him observe that he never spoke to him by his Christian name. The mate went back to his hammock and fell asleep again, but at the end of a few seconds the same call was repeated, and he thought he recognized his brother's voice. Then he sat up, resolved not to go to sleep again. A third time the same voice called him.

"As soon as he was up, he sat down at his work-table, resolved by hard work to get rid of the impression, but he jotted down the day and hour of the phenomenon.

"Some days after this the ship arrived at Havre. One of the officer's friends, with a troubled countenance, came on board, and as soon as he saw him, before he had time to speak, the officer called out: 'Don't tell me. I know what you have to say. My brother is dead. He died on such a day and at such an hour!' The date given was perfectly exact. M. G——'s brother had died calling on him, and expressing his regret that he should never see him.

"M. G—— has since died. This story was repeated to me, and separately (which is a guarantee of its correctness), by his two sons. One is one of the most brilliant barristers at Havre, the other is a lieutenant of the navy on half-pay. What they had told me they had heard from their father's lips, and their testimony cannot be doubted."

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OUR SKILLED AIRCRAFT "NURSES"

The Landmen Behind the Airmen

By MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM L. KENLY
[DIRECTOR OF THE DIVISION OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS]

OUR airmen in France cannot fly unless we give them our best support, whether this be in the shops, at office desks, or in the fields. We who are not lucky enough to be over there with these young men must by our united efforts help to keep them aloft and give to them everything they need for their fight in the air.

Flying is just like any other big game today—it demands organization. The time has gone by long ago when in a war individuals like the squirrel hunters, trappers, and guides of pioneer times can get together and start an offensive all by themselves.

Individual effort and initiative did very well before steel, electricity and gasoline were known. Then, as now, it was a question of personal courage and strength, but prowess was limited to the tomahawk and rifle. Today we have to reckon, not with what a valley of log cabins and clearings can produce, but with cities teeming with great populations, power plants, steel mills and blast furnaces. We no longer measure explosives by the powder horn but by carloads of T. N. T.

The enemy today is a prepared enemy. He has everything modern industry can produce and we must meet industry with industry. This requires organization, team work, men, and again men, all pulling together, each with his part to do and each ready to give every ounce of energy and brains in him.

The call for 20,000 skilled workmen for service in aero squadrons of the Army at home and overseas has provoked inquiries as to what precisely are the duties and employment

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of some of the many kinds of mechanics needed about a modern airplane.

SKILLED MEN REQUIRED ON LAND

FOR one thing, there is the plane crew of five men, one responsible for the motor, one for each wing, and one for the fuselage and controls; a sergeant is in charge of the crew, the motorman is a corporal, and the other three are first-class privates. The sergeant first, and the four men under him, are responsible for the condition of the plane, and so for the safety of the pilot and observer when it goes up. If there is anything wrong with the wings, flying wires, controls, or the engine; if gas, or water, or oil is lacking, the death of two men, the destruction of the machine, and the failure of a reconnaissance or an attack may lie at the door of one of the crews.

The routine care of the plane is in these men's hands, as the care of a horse is in the hands of the stablemen, but if there is serious trouble with any part of it, experts attached to the squadron are called in. There are trouble shooters, for instance, to diagnose and remedy engine trouble; there are riggers and men assigned to repairs on wires and wings. These must include cabinet makers for the woodwork of the frames, which depends upon the most exact fitting for the necessary combination of lightness and strength. Sailmakers and tailors are used for sewing the linen fabric upon the frames, and cabinet makers again for the laminated woodwork or veneer of the body—if it happens to be a body built, as many are, of veneer.

The care of the propeller requires the services of a propeller maker, who may have been a pattern maker, or maker of the strong frames upon which piano wires are stretched. The electrician is needed for the magneto and the radio set and the wiring of both, and the instrument repairman must be on hand for the adjustment of the instruments—altimeter, compass, tachometer, banking indicator, drift set and all the rest of the delicate contrivances which assist the pilot in navigating his ship.

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Chauffeurs and motorcyclists are needed for the service of the field for getting out quickly to a plane which has landed in trouble, for messenger service, supply service, and many other services.

Information as to the conditions of enlistment, which is open to men above and below draft age, and to men within draft age in limited service and deferred classifications, may be obtained by writing to the Procurement Branch, Personnel Section, Department of Military Aeronautics, Washington, D. C.

LEST KNOWING ALL

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

THE unlived dream
Of many strange desires
Lies deep between us.
And with silent voices
We refrain,
Lest knowing all,
Mystery, the eager gift
The gods bestow,
Take that frail blossom
Of our love
Into the twilight land,
Whereto she takes her flight.

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OUR 'PLANES ARE THERE!

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

OUR 'planes are there!
Our motors are there!
Our fliers are there!

Those of the enemy who escaped death at the cantonments between Wavrille and Damvillers, twelve miles north of Verdun, on October 10, can testify to the presence of American 'planes propelled by Liberty motors and operated by American aviators, flying in clouds over their trembling heads, and to the presence of American bombs that were dropped in their midst.

On that day three hundred and fifty American 'planes paid them a visit and those who survive are yet trying to reconcile with this event the German War Office statement, issued but sixty days previous to the effect that it would be at least two years before American aeroplanes could be produced in sufficient quantities to be at all worthy of notice.

Ask the survivors at the village of Bayonville, at the junction point of six roads, if, on October 20, they received any sort of a hint that our 'planes were there. On that date one hundred and forty-two American 'planes flew over this point in three divisions, at a time when all the six roads were congested with German troops, when soldiers and artillery and supplies were pouring in at this point. Half an hour later Bayonville was a shambles, the six converging roads a honeycomb of giant bomb craters, garnished with death. Shattered men, cannon, trucks and horses, together with the other supplies of an army, dotted the landscape for several miles about the village.

Germany knows—at least military Germany—that our 'planes are there. To the enemy there is no question but what the flying Yanks have arrived at the battle front, no question but what they are daily dropping sudden and violent

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death upon their troops and no question but what their presence is increasing in almost mathematical progression.

THE HUNS THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE US TWO YEARS

ON May 13, of this year, the first American-made De Haviland 4 arrived in France. In June the enemy reported "Here and there on rare occasions, we sight an American aeroplane." It was in August that the German War Office issued the would-be reassuring statement that it would take America two years before she could send over enough 'planes to be noticeable at all. In September the German censors allowed a paragraph in German papers to the effect that in certain engagements there was "considerable activity on the part of American airmen."

There has been no announcement since. Doubtless the enemy hasn't recovered his breath from the American air assaults of October 10 and 20. Not that these have been the only ones, for there have been many others and they are continuing and increasing day by day. They cannot help but increase since not only are our 'planes there, but others are getting there. At this writing they are arriving in France at the rate of more than fifty a day! By Christmas we shall be sending over at least seventy-five complete aeroplanes a day. By February the output will be one hundred a day, every day in the week!

Can they handle them over there? Can they assemble them over there? Can we supply sufficient trained aviators and sufficient ground experts?

All these questions may be answered with a single "Yes," made as emphatic as it is possible to do.

Our aviation equipment in France is now sufficient to assemble 300 planes a day.

Our supply of aviators here has always exceeded the demand. There is a long list of waiting aspirants for the aviation service. There will be 35,000 trained fliers by June next, according to the testimony of Colonel Arnold who appeared before the committee for the aeronautical section of the army, 11,000 cadets having, he said, already been trained.

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And as to our mechanical output—we have by no means reached the peak of production. The combined facilities in this country for turning out aircraft complete, motors and all accessories, is equal to about 250 planes per day. And these facilities are being increased.

Aircraft production here started much like a mountain landslide, with rumbling and grumbling, considerable dust and a mighty slow movement.

But, like a mountain landslide, it gained great momentum despite all the obstacles of mistakes, criticism honest and otherwise, errors in judgment, indecision as to type, lost motion, labor delays and necessary experimentation.

And the fifty complete aeroplanes that we are now turning out every day does not include our training planes. Of these we have 7,000 over here and 15,000 motors for them.

At this writing we have between 12,000 and 14,000 Liberty motors in France and in action over the enemy territory.

OUR GREAT AIR PROGRAM A SUCCESS

AND in France we have also, as has been previously described in this magazine in-so-far as permissible, the greatest aviation assembly plant in the world, the largest aviation fields in the world, the best and largest assembling and repair shops for aeroplanes in the world.

Our motors are there and our 'planes are being delivered in increasing numbers, and American aviators have long demonstrated to the world their skill and daring in the air. In the very near future we shall have an air service far greater than the combined air service of all other countries, for our manufacturing ability exceeds that of all the Allies.

Our program, as just revealed in the testimony before the Appropriations Committee of the House, was for the training of 30,000 fliers. Whatever changes may have been made in this program have not been to lessen that strength.

When, early in 1917, we decided to strike the enemy forcibly in the air, as on land and sea, we wanted 25,000 'planes. This would necessitate 40,000 motors and, altogether for the ground service as well as the air service, some-

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thing like 200,000 men. We have more than 100,000 men in the non-flying service now!

In addition to our own planes now going over, we bought many at the beginning. Our force is far greater than is realized. How large is something the war Lords of Germany would like to know but would fear to have the German people know.

Unless one gives thought to the upkeep of a great air service it would seem that at the rate of fifty planes a day now and 75 'planes a day within sixty more days, our equipment will soon be gigantic. But it should be taken into consideration that we must continue to increase our output greatly to do this, since, according to testimony before the United States Senate Committee on Military Affairs, 40 per cent of the aviators and 100 per cent of the machines must be replaced monthly!

OUR MANUFACTURING FACILITIES HAVE GOTTEN UP SPEED

BUT we are equal to it—and more. Our facilities are such that we can replace this percentage to keep the service up to the standard and also increase production at such speed as to cause our air service to grow by leaps and bounds.

The difficulties that we had at the beginning were much like starting for a valley that lies over the mountains. We had to make the grade. The summit has been reached and passed. It is now "easy going" and the speeding up becomes easier every day.

We are turning out all of the training planes that are needed. While we are speeding up the production of the various types of 'planes for actual use in the war, we are keeping up the necessary equipment for every branch of the service, training and otherwise. As long ago as last July the Curtiss company in one of its three great plants in Buffalo, was turning out one complete advanced training 'plane every thirty minutes! This output, we may be sure, has not lessened.

This same company, the Curtiss, is now speeding up a new $50,000,000 contract for another four thousand De

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Haviland 4s. The Wright-Martin, the Dayton Wright, the Packard, the General Motors, the Standard Aircraft, and others are doing a work equal to the achievements of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Director of Aircraft Production, John F. Ryan, who has but recently returned from the battlefront where he watched our airmen, ever victorious in battle, and where he studied every phase of our aircraft service from the landing of knocked-down 'planes at the assembly centre to their going forth in combat, declared a fortnight ago that we were sending over fifty airplanes every day. Mr. Ryan also declared, upon his return, that "all was well." Just how well, the enemy would like to know although the truth would further increase the chill that is rapidly enveloping his pedal extremities.

"I was with our air forces during the St. Mihiel fight," said Mr. Ryan, upon his return, "and also the one in the Argonne. I believe that in both these offensives our air forces were stronger in numbers and perhaps as high in efficiency *as in any battle of the war!* This opinion was expressed by both the British and the French commanders as well as by our own. The air forces in both offensives were under the direction of the American commander, and while the French furnished a large part of the forces used and the British co-operated, the American squadrons made up about half of the entire number participating!"

The only criticisms heard of our fliers are really an expression of their virtues. It is said that they are too daring. This means that they take too many chances and thus may not at all times make the best uses of their opportunities through this bravery which on occasion may cause unnecessary sacrifice.

WE MET THE CALL OF THE ALLIES FOR MOTORS

WE are also supplying the British and the French with engines. The Liberty 8 in thousands fly over the lines in foreign built planes. Regarding these motors, Mr. Ryan said:

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"To realize what it means to have these motors in great quantities, just reckon that 10,000 of them will develop at least 4,000,000 horse power! The first 10,000 was produced in five months!

"From now on my efforts will be to so lay down the policy of production and the training of pilots in this country as to perfectly fit such work into the combined program of the Allies, so as to put into operation at the front in the shortest possible time, the greatest air power and efficiency in order to help win the war at the earliest day."

Our earlier efforts to adopt the Liberty 12 to foreign designs was not altogether successful. We were yet in the try-out stage, where the doctors differed. The newspapers at the time quoted General Pershing as saying that the 'planes were not satisfactory, but we learned rapidly, though expensively, as is often necessary in hurry-up orders.

Changes were promptly made. Today General Pershing has only praise for our 'planes. They arrive in good condition, "knocked down" and ready for assembling, as this method provides so much more space upon our ships. Lieut. Col. Warwick Wright, of the British Royal Air Force, inspected seven hundred and fifty cases and out of all this lot found only one in which the contents were damaged.

It was our American-made De Haviland 4s, with Liberty motors, operated by American airmen, that did the bombing and the observation work in the St. Mihiel and Argonne attacks, and these planes are "carrying on" today, having increased in numbers and efficiency since their first really great test at St. Mihiel.

Fliers in France have repeatedly told Mr. Hamilton M. Wright, one of the FORUM's correspondents abroad, that the Liberty motors in actual service easily developed a speed of from 140 to 145 miles an hour.

"I called their attention," says Mr. Wright, "to the published claim of Wilbur Wright that often a 'plane reputed to fly 145 miles an hour was actually going no more than 125."

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"'Ah!' they invariably answered, 'but that was in America. We in France know what those Liberty motors will do, we know that they can and do make as high as 145 miles an hour!'"

WHEN THEY BEGAN TO ARRIVE

IT was in July that our equipment in France was practically ready to receive American 'planes, and the demand came, "We are ready, send over the 'planes." American airmen then were flying for the most part in French and British made 'planes. It may have seemed to our fliers that our own 'planes would never come. But they did begin to arrive, even in that month, and they continued to arrive. Early in September when most of our quantity production problems had been solved, our 'planes were arriving, a dozen to a score a day, at the assembling plants.

"Great work!" cried our delighted fliers. Then the 'planes came at the rate of 25 a day and 30 a day and 40 a day.

"That settles it, we've got the enemy licked in the air," was the verdict of every man over there in our air service.

Now that the fifty-a-day pace has been set and this is constantly increasing, our aviators are the happiest fighters abroad. The change was great indeed from conditions on July 4th when the appearance of American 'planes over Bois de Belleau, where they brought down enemy 'planes, created great excitement.

It means something to be a "fairly good flier" today. The French have said that all of our fliers are more than "fairly good," that they are "good" without qualifications, while the great majority of them are "marvelleaux!" When one takes into consideration the fact that a "fairly good" flier in warfare today must be far better than was the famous exhibition fliers of a few years ago, the skill of a crack flier is difficult to appreciate.

We have spent nearly $2,000,000,000 in our air program and there is another billion in readiness to "carry on"

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with still more if it is needed. The costly experimental stage is over. Only such changes as are necessary to constantly keep apace of the improvements in aircraft now have to be made.

WHAT OUR 'PLANES MEAN IN WARFARE

THERE is no denying the need and the worth of airplanes in this war. Ten thousand 'planes are now equal to at least 500,000 trained soldiers.

Our De Haviland 4s, two-seated biplanes, cut off the enemy in the vicinity of Vignuelles and rounded up hundreds of prisoners, the exact number being deleted from the correspondents' reports.

Being somewhat short of pursuit 'planes we used these same De Havilands. It was considered doubtful if they would work. But while they could not dive as readily as the pursuit 'planes, being equipped with fore and aft guns, this was not necessary, and, as for speed, they overtook the speediest of German 'planes, and in returning after bringing down two of them, raked enemy groups by flying low so that the Huns were demoralized, dropped everything and fled, leaving supplies of every sort, machine guns and some light artillery for our troops to capture.

Our 350 'planes in the raid at Wavrille consisted of 200 bombing 'planes, 100 pursuit machines and fifty triplanes, carrying mammoth loads of giant bombs, one of which would blow a stone building to a pile of dust and crumbled debris.

When the enemy came forth to give battle and saw our fleet of 'planes he turned tail, and fled, but not until we had brought down twelve of his machines while out of the group of 350 we lost but one machine!

And at Bayonville where almost a whole army of the enemy was piling in along the six converging roads, our 142 machines attacked, first by a part of them flying low and dropping light bombs and raking the mobs of Huns with machine gun fire. So low did our aviators fly that the pale faces of the frightened boches were plainly seen as they fled in all directions, diving into houses, under trucks and seek-

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ing cover like a group of rabbits disappearing into the warrens. Then came another lot of our flyers a little higher, dropping light bombs that filled the air about the enemy with a cloud of sharp steel fragments, resulting in terrible carnage. The third lot, still higher, dropped the immense bombs that annihilated whatever they struck, for a great area. Then, after circling about, our men came back again, flying low and raking such of the enemy as was able to come forth with a deadly hail of machine gun bullets. At this, 222 enemy machines headed for our airmen to give battle, but when they were close enough to see our forces they turned about and scuttled back home again out of danger. In this fight our men got nine enemy 'planes and again we lost but one.

As that great arm of steel, now swinging through Belgium at the extremity, and about ready to sweep outward across the whole land occupied by the enemy, comes closer and closer to the Rhine, the airplane will have its great opportunity in this war. It will rush over the border and give German cities a taste of the bitterness of death and the justness of vengeance. Cologne, Metz, Frankfort, Berlin—and other cities will know, to the terror of their inhabitants, that our 'planes are there and that our armies are following; that unconditional surrender will cease to be optional.

Our 'planes will do their part in the war, for "they are there" and that is just what they are there to do.

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REBUILDING THE INJURED SOLDIER

How Uncle Sam Will Give Back to Society the Disabled Heroes

By HON. HOKE SMITH
[U. S. SENATOR FROM GEORGIA]

PRIOR to the present war, the policy even of the most advanced nations was to care for their crippled and disabled men with small pensions, leaving them to recruit the ranks of mendicants; but now, and for years to come, every unit of productivity will be needed, and useful occupation may cheer the lives of the injured, while it serves their country.

Having been Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor for the past six years, I feel I can give assurance that no effort and no expense will be spared by our Government to fit disabled fighters for self-sustaining positions, and to aid them in securing such positions. This work will be done by the National Government in the performance of an obligation, and not as an act of charity. We owe it as an obligation to those injured in the war. We will need them rehabilitated as a force in our National life.

Each American soldier, sailor and marine suffering permanent disability must be and will be offered and urgently pressed to accept an opportunity to reestablish a place in life for himself and society as good as or better than the one he occupied before entering the National service.

A few years prior to the war a trade school was established in a Belgian province where men injured in industry were trained to use their remaining faculties in productive occupations. As the Germans swept through Belgium the teachers from this school were scattered. The director of the school landed at Lyons, France, where a desperate local

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need for labor existed. Soldiers were returning from the front injured in various ways. The director of the Belgian school, with the aid of the local authorities, founded the first French training school for war cripples. The school met with great success, and France soon began to offer on a broad scale opportunity for rehabilitation to all her men injured at the front.

The Belgians founded a school for crippled soldiers in France at which "not only are disabled soldiers trained in new occupations, but the school in the course of its operation produces enough supplies for the Belgian army, to make the enterprise self-supporting."

England, Italy, Canada, and Australia have accepted the new view. They are training the disabled soldiers along the most varied lines, suiting their new occupations to their physical and mental conditions, and holding out to each the opportunity to come back and be a real force,—independent, self-supporting, and contributing to his country's progress.

HOW OUR GOVERNMENT WILL REHABILITATE SOLDIERS

MORE than a year ago the problem of furnishing opportunity for rehabilitation to our own disabled soldiers and sailors attracted attention in many parts of our country, and especially in Washington. More than one commission was formed of voluntary workers to consider the subject. I presented a resolution to the Senate, requesting the Federal Board for Vocational Education to investigate and furnish information to the Senate which might aid the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in the preparation of legislation. This was done, and the information was valuable. Finally, a board composed in part of representatives of the Navy, of the Army, and of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, prepared a bill, which was substantially the bill I introduced in the Senate, and which was approved by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. This bill has become a law, and under it the Federal Board for Vocational Education has charge of vocational rehabilitation of disabled soldiers.

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The law provides that the disabled soldier, when discharged from the hospital, shall come within the supervision of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. While he is in the hospital, he is under the control of the Surgeon-General's office; but the Federal Board for Vocational Education, through educational experts, may act in an advisory capacity to the surgeons in the hospital.

In the hospital all is to be done that may be done to restore physically the injured soldier; to make him again sound if possible. If limbs are lost, to furnish artificial limbs, or rather mechanical appliances of a character suited for actual use rather than for ornament.

In the hospital, and even before the patient reaches the hospital in the United States, every effort is to be made to inspire hope and confidence that the injured man may again be able to play a part in the peaceful forces of his country.

TRAINING TO COMMENCE IN THE HOSPITAL

THE work in the hospital will be made to dovetail in with what the patient will be advised to take up permanently, but it will essentially be only an introduction to the real vocational training which it is hoped the injured soldier will utilize in the broad way after he leaves the hospital.

The Government has set aside a fund of $2,000,000 for this work during the present fiscal year. That amount was appropriated because some fixed sum had to be. Whatever is needed will be given, for this year or the next or the next.

Complete authority for carrying on the work is given the Federal Board for Vocational Education. We were fortunate in having already established that organization, which had developed much of the needed machinery.

Not until the soldier is discharged from the service and is again a civilian will the full work of vocational rehabilitation begin. The Vocational Board will assist the hospitals in providing light occupational training during convalescence, which training will be selected first for its therapeutic

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value, and second for its occupational. The Board may have representatives in the hospitals to advise with its managers about such work and to study and advise the patients and to assist in conducting the occupational work carried on there.

By the time the patient is ready to leave the hospital, he should have been able to decide what new occupation, if any, he shall accept training in, and probably will already have begun preparation for it. Then the Vocational Board takes full control, the Surgeon-General's office's relation to the case becoming what the Board's to that time will be; that is advisory.

Virtually the only substantial disagreement in working out a general plan was as to whether it would be best for the army or navy to retain complete control of the disabled man until he was vocationally, as well as physically, restored. Some thought it would be best to keep him technically in the service during his vocational training so that he would be fully amenable to the rules of military discipline. This method was at first undertaken by some of our allies and found to be unsatisfactory. In France, while the men were continued under military control, eighty per cent refused to undergo occupational training. In England, where civilian control was adopted and the men allowed to volunteer for re-education, eighty per cent willingly took the training.

RESTORING SELF-RELIANCE AND INITIATIVE

FURTHERMORE, the training is more effective when it is carried on away from military restraint. A great deal of military psychology must be "trained out" of the men before they become fully efficient industrial workers.

They must, in large measure, be re-taught self-reliance, iniative, confidence, which can best be done when they are removed from every semblance of military authority.

It is also left with them to decide, first, whether they shall take up training at all, and, second, for what occupation they shall be trained. The Vocational Board may advise

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them and will do so with great care, after studying each case and placing before each man information as to occupations he may be fitted for, but it cannot coerce. The only penalty provided in the law is that, after the disabled man has accepted and begun training and then abandons it, the allowances granted him under the War Risk Insurance Act may be temporarily suspended at the discretion of the Board.

Those allowances will be sufficient to relieve the disabled man of all undue anxiety while undergoing training. They will be the same as given during his service, except when the compensation for disabilities due him under the War Risk Insurance Act exceed the pay drawn for his last month's service, it, and not the pay, shall be given. Whereas, if a former enlisted man, has dependants, 50 per cent of his pay or allowance, together with what the government had been adding to it, will be allotted them until his re-education is completed and he is placed in a position.

All benefits under the act are allowed officers as well as men. Anyone entitled to compensation for disabilities under the War Risk Insurance Act is *prima facie* entitled to receive re-vocational training, the only other stipulation of the law being that, in the opinion of the Vocational Board, the disabled man is unable, on discharge "to carry on a gainful occupation, to resume his former occupation, or to enter upon some other occupation, or having resumed or entered upon such occupation, is unable to continue the same successfully . . ." Thus the widest possible discretion is allowed.

No case entitled by law or merit should be or will be neglected.

PRACTICALLY NO HOPELESS CASES

THE Board has unlimited discretion in the selection of occupations and even professions in which to offer these disabled men re-education. It may employ existing institutions or establish new ones. It may make arrangements with shops, individuals or any other agency for giving these men the training they should have. There is

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no time limit or expense limit; the allowances continue and all expenses are borne by the Government if a man is in training a month or years.

Wherever practicable and industrially advisable, the men will be urged to adopt occupations wherein they may make use of such experience as they had before entering the army.

For example, two men, who were butchers on enlistment, each lost a leg, and are now being prepared to become meat inspectors. Iin many cases, as in the two mentioned, the men will become fitted for higher and better-paying positions in the line of work they followed before going to war.

A former dairy worker has been sent to an agricultural college where he will be given a special course in dairy farming, so that hereafter he may supervise where before he only labored. A negro farmer, no longer able to follow the plow, has been sent to Hampton Institute, where he will be given a special course in poultry raising.

The Federal Board of Vocational Education has issued a pamphlet giving the occupations open to disabled men of every type. They number into the hundreds and the list is far from complete.

There are practically no hopeless cases, except those suffering from permanent mental derangement and all of those are not hopeless.

Dr. Bourillon, the French re-educationist, declares: "It would be rash to draw up a limited list of the trades which can be taught to the mutilated, for often an ingenuity and unsuspected skill allows of their doing work which at first sight seemed to be impossible."

It is the duty of the Board to aid the men to secure positions after training is completed. In this part of the work no great difficulty is expected, for the leaders of industry, or organized labor, and all outside agencies are offering every reasonable cooperation. In time, of course, these men will be subject to the same economic laws that affect all labor, but they will have the extra security coming

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from the fact that there rarely is an over-supply of skilled workers.

The policy will be to give disabled soldiers, after they leave the hospitals, opportunity for re-education so specialized that their superior training will enable them to successfully compete for employment in occupations useful and paying, in spite of disabilities caused by injuries.

ONE PER CENT OF ALL SOLDIERS NEED REHABILITATION

HOW many men will come under the terms of the law no one can safely estimate. The experience of Canada and Great Britain up to last Spring was that one per cent of all sent to the front would need rehabilitation along vocational lines, and can be greatly aided thereby.

Unfortunately, many thousands of men who probably are entitled to the benefits of the law were discharged from the forces before it went into effect. They suffered disabilities as a rule before being sent abroad. A large number of them had or have had tuberculosis and other disabling diseases.

The Board now is undertaking to locate those men and wherever attention is needed to see that such is given.

It is the duty of the Board to see that training is carried on as near as feasible to the man's home.

It will keep in touch with the work through fourteen district offices located in the following cities: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, San Francisco and Seattle. Those offices will be in charge of experts who will look after the men in each of the districts covered.

I will not give in detail work being done by the Federal Board for Vocational Education; but I urge those desiring information upon the subject to write directly to the Board. They have literature prepared and being prepared which will be most useful.

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OVER-SENTIMENTALIZING INJURIOUS

AN obstacle in the way of the complete performance of the work of rehabilitation is the tendency to over-sentimentalize about the subject in question. This tends to cause some who are disabled to unduly estimate their handicaps and to become fixed in the belief that they face hopeless futures. It also may lead some into adopting new occupations more unique than practical, and upon which they cannot safely depend.

The public may take a very important part in this work, and it can begin by restraining the natural, and in a way admirable, impulse toward sentimental and emotional excesses in dealing with the disabled soldier.

"The great publics of our countries do not yet, I think, see that they, too, have their part in this sacred work," said Lord Charnwood at the Inter-Allied Conference on the After-Care of Disabled Men in London recently. "So far they only seem to feel: 'Here's a wounded hero; let's take him to the movies and give him tea.' Instead of choking him with cheap kindness, each member of the public should seem to reinspire the disabled man with the feeling that he is no more out of the main stream of life than they are themselves; and each, according to his or her private chances, should help him to find that special niche which he can best, most cheerfully, and most successfully fill in the future.

"The more we drown the disabled in tea and lip gratitude the more we unsteel his soul, and the harder we make it for him to win through, in the years to come, when the wells of our tea and gratitude have dried up."

I commend the above warning to the American public, without, of course, suggesting that there be the least cessation in sensible attention to our returning heroes.

The public should be further warned against the danger of acquiring a warped and partially false perspective of the subjects to be dealt with and the way they must be dealt with. Popular publications have circulated much in the

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way of reading matter and pictures on this question but the bulk of it bears on those phases most appealing to the imagination. We read much about what is done for "cripples," particularly the maimed and the blind. No one would withhold an item of praise or encouragement for the wonderful things, therapeutically and vocationally being done for the most highly pathetic types of the disabled, like the blind, the armless, or the legless. Yet we should not forget that they constitute a very small proportion of all those who must be restored physically and occupationally. Seventy-five per cent or more of the total are disabled in such ways as are not visible on casual observation. Of all the Canadians who have returned from the war, fewer than fifty are blind.

We will care for our injured soldiers, and will broaden our conception of national responsibility to cooperate with the states that all our citizens may be given better opportunity to prepare for the pleasures and burdens of life.

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OUR DAILY MEAT

From the Breeder—Feeder—Commission Man—Packer —Retailer to Consumer

By EDWIN WILDMAN

OUR daily meat has become the subject of a controversy that is somewhat disquieting to the consumer, not to mention the meat packer, the commission man, the stock raiser, and the retail butcher. Along with other commodities and food products meat has soared to top prices. Whether this is due to the shrinking purchasing power of the dollar or to monopoly and control on the part of the packers, as the Federal Trade Commission has recently charged in its report to the President, or to profiteering on the part of the retailers, is both an economic and Federal problem. That the slaughtering of our daily meat is largely within the control of the five great packers, at Chicago, is undoubtedly true, as pointed out by the Commission. But whether that control is operated to the disadvantage of the consumer, or to his benefit is a question upon which the meat packers and the government investigators hold varying opinions.

The public, as consumer, has a right to have its meat at fair prices, providing the war needs are supplied. The public has a right to know if any of the various purveyors of its meat are illegally profiteering. The government has a right to interfere with such practice, wherever they exist, and to enter into the meat situation, and take command or regulate or punish any malefactor who interferes or excessively profits upon the supply for war or home consumption.

Exhaustive investigations have been made and are still being made by the Federal Trade Commission and the Bureau of Markets to ascertain just where and what is the cause of high prices and control.

Fortunately there does not seem to be any question as to the excellence of our meat supply and as to its adequacy.

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During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, we shipped to our Allies more than three billion pounds of meat; to be exact our shipments were 3,011,100,000 pounds. This fiscal year, which will end next June, the shipments will be far greater if the present export per cent continues, as we have been sending over as high as four hundred millions of pounds a month which, maintained, will total about five billion pounds for the year.

Yet we are sending to our Allies only about 30 per cent of our total amount of meat, which means that the meat packers of the United States butchered, prepared and sold more than ten billion pounds last year.

These export figures do not include the meat that we are sending over for our own soldiers, at this writing two million men.

We are raising more livestock today, we are killing and packing more meat, we are exporting more and we are eating more meat at home than ever before in our history!

A MEAT EATING NATION

OUR two million soldiers overseas and our million or thereabouts in training here are eating more meat than they would in civil life, for in civil life they would consume pies, cakes and other foods that are not practical to serve in army service. Laborers are eating more meat than ever before, because, despite the higher prices the retailers are charging for meats, as the average laborer is making from two to three times as much money and can afford to buy more meat now than he could before the war.

The Food Administration's constant plea for conservation of food has not fallen upon deaf ears. In the homes of the great, but underpaid, middle class, the housewives have intelligently sought to conserve the daily meat. Nine million people take their meals in public places. Owners of these places have been enjoined to help conserve meat.

The whole process of handling our daily meat is one of the most gigantic industries of the Nation. It is a business that cannot be left to itself, no more than can coal, steel or

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grain, be permitted to remain, untouched by Federal consideration. If there is actually a monopolistic control or illegal profiteering in any link of the great meat chain that link must be tempered in accordance with the rest of the chain. Where our daily food is concerned, our life, health and happiness is at stake, every consumer is permitted to voice a protest, if unfair practices stand between him and his essential ration.

FROM THE HOOF TO THE HOUSEWIFE

MEAT in its various stages is subject to such various conditions and undergoes so many handlings that the human element protrudes itself all along the line. This holds good from the rainfall in the grazing districts to the condition of crops used in fattening the herds just before the slaughter; from the hoof that in life tramps the plains to the dressed carcass that reaches the retailer and from the retailer to the housewife. There is but one product in its varied functionings—animal food, whether cow, hog or sheep.

In the various stages of progress from the ranch to the butcher's block in your corner meat market, this daily meat of ours passes through a complicated series of accumulation and distribution, all of which to a large degree is subject to the laws of supply and demand, to the human element, shrewdness in buying, skill in packing and cleverness in selling.

The packer buys at the best advantage in the stockyards and sells at the best advantage from his branch distributing houses to the local meat market men; the retailer adds his profit—a profit the government has stipulated, and sells to the consumer. If the packer controlled both ends he could bear the prices at the stockyards and bull the market price at the distributing house. This the Federal Trade Commission claims that he does; this the Big Five, of Chicago, claim they do not. In a measure, however, it seems that they do largely dominate prices at the stockyards because of the fact that they are the largest buyers; in a like manner their prices to their distributing houses is the prevailing price, because

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they are the largest sellers, but whether their control at either end is at the expense of the public pocket or to its advantage, is a question that only a comprehensive all-encompassing investigation can ascertain.

It is claimed that the packer can force the sale of animals shipped to the yards by high yardage charges and high charge for grain to feed the yard-stored animals; that the packer can refuse to buy at the stockyards at unprofitable prices if the demand does not warrant purchase. It is apparent that this could be done, in a degree. That he can "rig" prices in collusion with buyers and commission men is charged. Packers emphatically deny this and maintain that the yards are an open market where purchases are made in competition with others, that the yardage and feed supply is not excessive, and that they are willing to relinquish their part ownership in stockyards.

That the packer's distributing house can refuse to sell, at a lowering price to the consumer, and thereby hold up the retailer, is further charge. Live animals will keep and the farmer or commission man can refuse to ship to an oversupplied demand, but the dressed or killed product must be sold. This is the position and claim of the packers. True, it can be frozen, but our domestic markets do not take frozen meat except in extremely small quantities. Beef for our Allies and our own forces overseas is frozen because it is thus easier to handle, takes less ship space in days when every foot is needed, and keeps better, making more certain its availability when wanted. Pickled and smoked products may be held and more nearly stabilized in price with relation of the laws of supply and demand.

THE BIG PACKERS AND THE LITTLE BUTCHERS

IN the summary of the report of the Federal Trade Commission the onus is laid on the "Big Five." The investigators reported that these five packers killed 70 per cent of the live stock slaughtered. Says the report: "Control of the meat industry carries with it not only control of all kinds of fresh and preserved meats, but in addition a very great

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competitive advantage in more than a hundred products and by-products arising in connection with their preparation and manufacture, ranging in importance from hides and oleomargarine to sandpaper and curled hair. In all these lines the Big Five's percentage of control, as compared with other slaughterers, is greater even than the percentage of animals killed because of the fact that many of the small packers are not equipped or have been unable to utilize their by-products."

The summary also points out that their control is extended to fish, poultry, milk, butter, cheese, all kinds of vegetable oil products, canned fruits and vegetables, staple groceries, rice, breakfast foods, fertilizers, leather, wool, cold storage, extensive dealings with banks and in real estate. In presenting its evidence the Federal Trade Commission showed a chart giving the interlacing interests of the Big Five in 108 allied businesses, banks and industries.

That there is illegal profiteering by local retail butchers at the expense of the housewife, is unquestioned. In fact this war profiteer has come under the Federal Food Board, to his sorrow frequently. He is so numerous and so active in his wiles that he is hard to catch. Sixty-two of them were recently rounded up in New York. They were arrested and fined, some charging from 5 to 20 cents per pound in excess of the prices permitted by the Food Board. But even his profiteering, while grossly excessive and unquestionably a cause of just complaint on the part of the public, does not solve the larger economic aspects of the meat control. The small or petty cheater can always be landed. He is a pest and beclouds the issue, but in time, under proper regulations and penalties, can be made to behave. He has the public direct to deal with and the cheated housewife makes herself effectively a check upon his violations of the laws.

THE QUESTION OF CONTROL AND MONOPOLY

THE large issues rest with larger handlers of our animal industry, in which there are three apparently warring factions; the live stock owners, who sell at the stockyards; the commission men and speculators who buy for the packers

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or on their own account; and the ultimate local buyers and sellers to the consumers. The live stock owners send their animals to the stockyards, when they must sell or pay for yardage and feed. It is here that the Federal Trade investigations point out a position of vantage on the part of the packers, whose prices and percentages appear to be in collusion. The packers, however, assert that the stability of the laws of supply and demand, and their own daily demands in accordance with their facilities for slaughtering and dressing meat, govern the prices bid, and not "rigging" or collusion. That there is an opportunity for collusion and control is apparent, since the Big Five handle 70 per cent of our meat supply. That they do control to the lowering of prices and the forcing of sales is denied by them, though the Federal Trade Commission presents in its report evidence to show that the packers divide what live stock they buy in agreed proportions, each packer having a set percentage of the total purchased by all five; this percentage being maintained whether a half of the normal supply comes to the market or a double quantity.

Here, it seems, is projected the whole question of Big Business, the Government and the People. It is not a new question and one that has been threshed out in the case of Steel, Oil, and for War efficiency, the Railroads. Just how far the Federal Government may advantageously assume ownership of our big business is, in the last analysis, for the people to decide. As yet Government ownership in this country is largely an experiment and not a very profitable one.

To project the argument here would be untimely just now, but it is scouted, by our best economists if government ownership is advisable and compatible with our fundamental conceptions of democracy. The invasion of any man's rights is open to judicial supervision, in relation to Justice to all.

As the question of meat is under supervision and the packing industry under consideration, their position in the matter, and their "defense" is properly a matter of consideration. In this connection I give space to the argument of Prof. L. D. Weld, former head of the business administra-

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tion of the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, former Commissioner for the Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture and now manager of the research department of Swift & Company. He says:

THE POSITION OF THE PACKERS

"WHEN one really studies the packing business, he finds so many evidences of rivalry and competition that the public belief that they work together appears absurd. The bidding of the packers' buyers against each other; the jealousy with which each packer guards his position in the market by trying not to let other packers get ahead of him by purchasing larger parts of the live stock receipts than they have in the past; the manner in which the prices of live stock and dressed meat fluctuate together; the fact that retail storekeepers shop around from the distributing house of one packer to the distriblting houses of the others; the fact that smaller packers are in evidence in all parts of the country, and that those that are efficiently managed are prosperous—those and many other things are proofs of free competition.

"The recent report of the Federal Trade Commission stated that sixty-five of the largest packers outside of the five leading ones earned during 1914, 1915 and 1916, profits as high as or slightly higher than those earned by the five large ones.

"The fact that the profits of the packer amount to only a fraction of a cent a pound of meat (or to only 3 or 4 cents on each dollar of sales) absolutely dispenses the common impression that packers' profits are responsible for high meat prices.

"Some people say that the packers are giving out misleading information when they say their profits are only a fraction of a cent a pound, on the ground that this profit does not include the profit from by-products. The facts in this case are as follows: The packers' profits figures for their meat departments do include the profits from the preparation and sale of the regularly recognized commercial by-products, such as cured hides, tallow, refined oleo oil, etc. These

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products are either sold to outside buyers or to other departments of the business, such as leather tanneries, soap works, or the oleomargarine department. When transferred to other departments they are done so at the regular market price at the time of sale. The packers' profits on meat do not include the profits of these other outside departments such as the soap works, for example. The soap department of one of the largest packers buys only 10 per cent of its raw materials from the meat department. There is no reason why the profit on soap should be included in the profit on meat, in order to give a correct figure. But the profit on the 10 per cent of prepared raw materials transferred to the soap department is included in the profit on meat. Last year Swift & Company's profit on all products, including soap, leather, etc., was only a little over half a cent a pound.

THE PACKERS OUTSIDE OF THE BIG FIVE

"IN 1917 there were 833 slaughtering houses located in 253 cities and towns subject to inspection by the United States Department of Agriculture. The five large packers account for only about 60 per cent of their output. And besides the inspected houses, there are scores of slaughter houses which do not do interstate business and which are not listed as subject to Government inspection. It is true that many of these houses are small and do a local business; but there are a great many that do an important interstate business and that are in flourishing condition financially. In fact, packers outside of the five largest have certainly held their own during the last ten years, both in numbers and in relative volume of business done.

"To say that a large number of small packers scattered throughout the producing sections would result in as high a degree of efficiency and in greater satisfaction than the present concentration into large companies overlooks many factors. In the first place, the most economical organization of the packing industry depends not only on distance from producing sections and to consuming centres, but on ability to draw enough animals to operate houses that are large enough

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to gain the maximum benefits from large-scale production, division of labor and utilization of by-products. The largest packer in the United States now operates over twenty packing establishments, scattered throughout the country, and all the packers are constantly studying conditions, with view to establishing new houses whenever the supply of live stock at hand is sufficient to permit economical operation. Possibly the large packers themselves are in as good position as anyone to judge accurately of these matters.

"Unless consolidated, small packers cannot build up a system of refrigerated branch houses covering the whole country such as the large packers have done. Small companies can only do a small local business and only large companies can properly handle the surplus millions of live stock from the West and distribute the products over great distances. Only such an organization as now exists could begin to supply the hundreds of millions of pounds of meats that are needed every month throughout this country, by our soldiers abroad and by our Allies in Europe!

"If there were a monopoly among the big packers, if there were collusion as to prices I would not have been with them a year! A year's research has made it clear to me that there is no monopoly or collusion."

THE COMMISSION'S CHARGES AND THE PACKER'S VIEWS

THE Federal Trade Commission's report, however, charges that the Big Five, Swift & Company, Armour & Company, Morris & Company, Wilson & Company and Cudahy Packing Company, are using their power to: "Manipulate live-stock markets; Restrict interstate and international supplies of food; Control the prices of dressed meats and other foods; Defraud both producers of food and consumers; Crush effective competition; secure special privileges from railroads, stockyard companies, and municipalities, and Profiteer."

Naturally the packers are on the defensive in so far as their personal honor and their business integrity are concerned, but thoroughly resigned as to the objective of the Government if its rulings will benefit the industry and help

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to win the war. And, quite as naturally, they are critical as to whether there is animus in the investigation.

"Not a soldier has gone without meat for a single meal at home or abroad since the war began," Louis F. Swift told me during a recent visit to the Chicago packing plants.

"We have done everything asked of us," he continued, with emphasis. "We are willing that the Government should take over our refrigerator cars and as for the stockyards, they are already regulated by the United States Department of Agriculture. We have no objection to the Government's taking them over completely if they will conduct them as economical and as efficiently as they are now run!

"We do not believe that taking over branch and storage houses would be practical. It would destroy personal responsibility and initiative in the handling of a highly perishable product, where only the greatest skill and the longest experience can succeed. We are willing, and eager, to cooperate with the Government on any practical combination plan. We are in open and honest competition with every other packer!"

"At the beginning of the war Armour & Company offered its services, the services of every official and every employe, to any and all work that it could perform in contributing to the successful conduct of and final winning of the war," said Mr. J. Ogden Armour. We are doing all that we can," he said, "and I reiterate a thousand times this statement. Naturally I resent the charge of unlawful methods or monopoly control. The packing house business has been under Federal control since November 1, 1917, through the agency of the United Food Administration.

"The live-stock cars of the packers are under the control of the Government's Railroad Administration; the Government Bureau of Markets assumed control of the stockyards July 25th last while it was the Food Administration that deemed it advisable to leave the refrigerator cars under control of the packers, but the branch houses, the cold storage houses and the refrigerator plants are now under control of the Food Administration.

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Mr. Thomas E. Wilson of Wilson & Co., and the others of the packers were equally emphatic in their denial of any monopoly on their part or of any unfair practices.

THE GOVERNMENT'S ATTITUDE NOT AS DRASTIC AS THE PACKERS THINK

THE Government's attitude is doubtless not quite as drastic as some of the packers seem to think. The Federal Trade Commission, in its report and recommendations to the President, seeks to make it plain that it suggests the acquiring by the Government of such of the storage houses and marketing terminals as would open to all manufacturers and handlers of food products equal opportunities for all to market food products to the local retailers—all coming under Government control and inspection—for the purpose of eliminating unfair privileges and producing efficiency for all food purveyors.

The apparent intention of the Government is not to deny the rights of the packers to compete or to discourage their efficiency, but to turn their important branches of distribution into public markets. The success of this undertaking will depend upon the ability of men selected to manage the markets and the measure of service rendered.

In the meantime it is the position of Chairman William B. Colver, of the Federal Trade Commission, " that the Commission is the ' traffic cops ' of business. When business gets going too fast we turn it to the right or slow it down or, if it is not speeding up for war interests, we make recommendations, but always within the legal status of authority conferred upon us by Congress and we are here to prevent monopoly."

Whatever comes out of the meat controversy will probably result to the public's benefit. The small retailer butcher will be brought to recognize the importance of obeying the law, the packer will continue to be under Government regulation, the live stock dealer will have his day in the court of public opinion, and the public will know something about how his daily meat is handled from the hoof to the local butcher shop.

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TO "HER" AT HOME

BEING THE LETTERS OF PVT. FRANCIS L. FROST, A. E. F., FRANCE

I HAVE been doing considerable traveling in connection with my trip abroad, and I am seeing, hearing, and doing interesting things. I remember how you told me that some of the boys complain that they can't write interesting letters because of the strict censorship, while others manage to send regular stories. I can sympathize with the former. Of course we can't write about the big things we see and hear, the things that are counting heavily for the Allies, and that are Oh, so encouraging! But we can tell you at home to hold your heads high when the American soldier in France is spoken of, for he is making things hum, learning all he can, and putting it into use in such an effective manner that France idolizes him; and the latter fact, far from turning his head, is giving him a truer view of what the French mean by *camaraderie*. You should see a bunch of blue-clad poilus—veterans, too—going along a pretty French road, singing a lilting song, a smile on their faces, and the very ends of their waxed mustaches bristling with the unconquerable spirit of France!

The Australians are a fine body of men, too, and they and the Americans get along splendidly. One sees many races of men gathered together to do for the Allies, and it makes one appreciate the fact that this is a world war.

Just now I am in a British Y. M. C. A. hut. It is crowded with Americans, and the atmosphere is distinctly U. S. On an improvised stage is an antique piano, and there is a crowd gathered around it singing rag-time. Just now it is "The Sunshine of Your Smile." Last night there was a concert here, given by some French war workers. A young poilu with numerous service and wound stripes, played the violin wonderfully. There was a 'celloist, too, and a young French girl who sang French, American, and Italian songs.

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She sang "Don't cry, little girls, don't cry. They have broken your doll, I know!" She had all the expression of the French, coupled with a fine voice, and she was a real beauty. Imagine the effect on a bunch of American boys. They'd have had her singing all night if possible.

When we marched to camp we had plenty of chance to try out our French with the children, who ran along with us and begged for "un sou" or a collar button. Many of them talk a little English, and if any at all, it is always good. They are serious minded little folk, God knows. But they are happy, nevertheless, and glad to see "Sammée." I have found that it is association with the people that alone can teach us the language. I have to get out of ridiculous situations by writing in French. I did that with one little tot. She gravely scanned what I had written, nodded her head vigorously with a "Oui, je comprends," and then, taking my pencil, went over what I had written, and put in some graves and acutes I had left out, for all the world like a little school teacher. There is one stock phrase that I have learned to rattle off, because it is so handy, *Si vous voulez que je vous comprenne, il faut parler plus lentement.* Then they won't jabber away so fast and one can understand a little of what they mean.

CHEER UP AND "CARRY ON"

I HAVE been reading *Under Fire* too, a queer coincidence, but I was not able to get a translation, so I probably missed the style and got only the narrative. I can understand your desire to be over here under the circumstances you mention. It is but a normal and patriotic wish. But I am nevertheless constrained to set down one fact: No matter what you read about the war—no matter how horrible it may be or how vivid and active an imagination you may have—your mind can only conjure up a picture that falls as far from the truth as evil is from right. You may think I exaggerate. But there are millions of Poilus and Tommies and Sammées who have lived that life and talk about it with

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a strange look in their eyes . . . but for you to express a desire to be undergoing these same things—well, I can't say it, but I only hope you understand! . . . Meanwhile, carry on, and forget about coming to France. You say you can "read such things" without a qualm, but there are reasons, as I said, that you can hardly appreciate. So cheer up, Miss Fire Eater, and continue to knit and cheer up your flock of soldier boys by writing your fine letters.

One of the boys in the Unit is sadly afflicted by the wiles of She who sells tickets at the movies here. He speaks no French, and she no English, but there seems to be some kind of language they both understand. Anyhow, a boat ride on the lake was on the program, and the enamoured Sammée "hired" me to go along as official interpreter and boat rower. Well, Barkis was willin', so I went. The thought struck me that I had them at my mercy, as it were. But I didn't take advantage of the fact, of course. I can't describe the situation to you very well, but I did more laughing during that expedition than I ever did before in my life. *Oo, la, la,* as the French say, it was to laugh, all right. Do you remember that picture on the *Post* of an American soldier in France, talking to a French demoiselle, with a dictionary. It's a common sight. The person that drew it must have had experience. Thank goodness, I can carry on a conversation, if not indulge in rhetoric. I can make Juliette understand!

BY MOTOR TRUCK TO THE FRONT

SINCE my last letter, I have changed my place of abode. Our journey was by truck, and as we had several which were in all stages of repair, it was necessary to tow them. Towing isn't a pleasant job, especially for the fellow on the truck being towed, as I found out. All the dust in the world comes a-whooping up into your face and the Lord only knows when the guy that's towing you is going to stop and let you pile up on his rear.

Willie was piloting a truck that had no brakes, and he had an interesting job. He broke his tow rope about twenty

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times on the trip and of course the whole bunch had to stop. There are many picturesque curves and steep grades on the road we took, and the driver of the truck that was towing Willie was particularly daredevil. He'd go rambling down one of these steep hills, around curves and over bumps, with the dust pouring up into Willie's face. Ten times out of eleven he'd have to slow up for the truck ahead at the bottom of the hill. If Willie was caught unaware, he would smash into the front truck, and if not, the best he could do would be to steer to one side and let the tow rope catch him up. Then both trucks would slough all over the road and nearly upset. Poor Willie was nearly crazy. Every time we stopped, he got out and harangued the crowd, "Honestly, boys, it's hell!" he kept repeating. "Dick up front goes whooping along and how the devil am I going to know when he's going to stop?" But we'd tell him, "Cheer up, Willie, there's a whole radiator and engine between you and the front truck; and you don't have to worry until they're smashed." So every time the train stopped we would gather around Willie's truck and take exact measurements on the angle at which his radiator was bent and figure on how many more smashes he could have before the next one would get him.

By this time it was getting late and we were all dusty and grimy and dry and very tired. But there was a long way to go yet, and go we did, in spite of the faint moonlight which made everything very deceptive. You were never sure whether the truck ahead of you was two feet or a hundred away; and there was one bit of open road, about which the orders were, "Go like hell and don't raise any dust." We obeyed the "go" part, but the dust was not conspicuous by its absence.

The wee hours were coming on as we neared our destination, when the leading truck gave up the ghost for want of gas, with a dying choke, amid the expletives of its crew which he heard all along the column. There are times, as the writer George Pattulo says, when profanity ceases to be profanity and becomes a picturesque art. Thus it was then.

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The surplus supply of gas was some way behind, but finally we were ready to go ahead and at last pulled in at the end of our journey sometime before dawn. As soon as the trucks were lined up everyone climbed in back to flop for a few hours until morning, with the ever present "rumble-rumble-roomp" of the "big boys" to lull us to sleep. The next morning—Oh, blessed soap and water, Oh, blessed fried spuds and bacon!

We have become accustomed to the sound of the big guns long since. It is interesting to watch them shooting at the planes Fritz sails over in, to see the little puffs of smoke, where the shells are coming ever closer to him, until he runs for his own lines, or—once in a while, is shot down.

What is left of this town is very nice. But there is a lot that isn't left that must have been nicer once upon a time. Les Boches sojourned here for a while, and got peeved because the French preferred to have them elsewhere. So when they left in haste they blew most of the big buildings sky high, for which act they are suffering right now. In this new offensive Fritz is butting his ivory dome against a defense that is, as the French say, *absolument irreductible,* and last reports say that allied counter attacks are forcing them back. Oh, girl, the Germans have got about as much chance as the proverbial snowball in hell! Just so! As I heard one poilu exclaim this morning as he read the paper: "Oo, la, la! Just look at what those Yankee kids are doing!"

"OH, SO ENCOURAGING"

MUCH boom-boom-boom in this vicinity just now. Also buzz-z-z-z-z-z-z overhead at night. But Fritz, as I mentioned before, keeps pretty well up in the clouds. He doesn't seem to have half the nerve and pep that the Yanks, who are after him, have. More power to the Yanks!

You ask if the Censor won't let me tell of some of the things I referred to which are "Oh, so encouraging." What are they? One thing is the spirit of the boys over here. A million words have been written about it, but none will ever

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express it rightly. A civilian, coming among the soldiers, would say he was not aware of it because he heard many complaints. That would show he did not understand the soldier. What soldier is there who does not kick? No matter how good a meal is dished up, he must bawl out the cook. He may kick, too, because he has a certain thing to do. But you'll notice he always *does* that thing well. There is where the spirit comes in. Secretary Baker says 300,000 more of the family reach France each month. Sounds encouraging. Americans in this last offensive have undertaken major operations alone, and have done as well as the best of the Allied troops. Sounds more encouraging, doesn't it? But you know all that. There are many other facts with the same encouraging qualities. But we are not over-confident. We know the hard row to be hoed. We know that when we come home we may have several of those gold service stripes on our left arm. But won't we be proud of them? I should say *yes!* You are beginning to see U. S. boys with two of those same stripes now. I saw several today. I won't get my first until November. I am quite certain of being here that long!

It is very kind of you not to ask me to put the name of the place I am at under the stamp! We don't use stamps anyhow over here. Besides by the time you got the letter, I should very likely be somewhere else—you bet I'll never be a tourist after the war. And, as you say, when Uncle Sam puts a censor somewhere it is not for us to do any dodging.

A FOREST MEETING

YOU ask me to tell you some of my experiences with the people of France. I had an adventure some time ago that will live in my memory. It seems strange to me now that I can remember so well the details of what I am about to write. When you read it you may understand, however. It is but one of a thousand similar incidents that must have happened in France, incidents that help us to a better understanding of the cause for which we are fighting.

One evening I sought quiet, and wandered far beyond

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the outskirts of the town where we are billeted. It was not yet dark, for the days were still long and the evening was full of peace for those who love the silence of forests. I had been following for several hundred yards the course of a stream, and presently I came to a small clearing. It was a spot full of beauty; all around were the tall evergreens, now in the rays of the setting sun casting slanting shadows across the wavy grass of the clearing. The stream found its course around the edge of the little opening, emerging from the woods between two great granite rocks, to gurgle over a pebbly bottom, through the waving grasses again, bordered with blue fleur de lis, to finally disappear once more into the dimness of the woods beyond. Leaning against one of the great rocks, I surveyed the scene with satisfaction. It was just such a place that I had sought for—a place where one might go to read his book, perhaps, or to lounge among the grasses, gazing at the blue sky above and thinking thoughts of things far away; a place seemingly distant from war.

But on this particular evening I was not long alone. Hearing a sound above the murmur of the brook, I turned and saw standing near me an old French peasant who gazed abstractedly across the clearing.

"Good evening, Monsieur," I said. He responded civilly. A moment of silence ensued.

"It is a wonderful evening," I said at last.

"You speak truly, M'sieu," he answered. He regarded me curiously for a moment. "You understand the French a little, yes?" I nodded. Again only the rippling sound of the stream broke the silence. The Frenchman leaned heavily against the rock.

"Yes, M'sieu, it is a wonderful evening. A beautiful spot, also. I come here every evening."

"You find it so beautiful, then?"

"Ah, yes. But beautiful in a sad way. You see those tall fir trees, and the song they sing when the wind blows, you hear it; you see the waving grasses, and there is music in the brook. And over it all, you see draped the mantle of

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the calm blue sky, now shot with gold from the rays of the setting sun. You see and hear all that, yes?"

"Yes, I see and hear all that."

Suddenly the old man's form straightened. His seemed to be the position of a soldier, save that his left arm held out an almost accusing finger, that pointed across the clearing.

"*Regardez, M'sieu!*" I looked, at his bidding, and saw what I had not seen before. Beneath the shadow cast by a long fir tree which stood apart from the rest, I saw what seemed to be three low mounds. Behind each, I saw a cross, and on each cross the round red, white and blue insignia that betokened the victim of an air-raid.

"*Les Boches,*" I said in a low voice.

"*C'est ca,*" the peasant answered simply. "They lie there, my wife, my little daughter, my baby son. And why? Le bon Dieu knows, and can we question?" He sighed heavily. "We are simple people here. We concern ourselves with the affairs of the soil. In the spring we plant, and in the autumn we harvest. Our life is full and pleasant. And then we heard one day that it was to be war. Those who remembered the days of '70 said that the Germans were coming to ravage the land again. The Mayor of the town yonder advised us to go to another village farther removed from the frontier. But there was the harvest coming. On it depended our very life. What should we do? Our existence was threatened in any case—we stayed."

THE HUNS ARRIVE

THE old man walked slowly across the clearing and stood looking down at the three mounds. I followed him and stood by, respectfully. For a long time he stood thus with bent head, silent, but it was not hard to guess his thoughts. "There came a night," he said at last, "when a heavy hand knocked on our door, and a German voice demanded entrance in the name of the Kaiser. The wife, clasping the baby boy in her arms, ran for the door behind. I seized my daughter's hand. In a moment we were running silently towards the woods. But the baby's cry was heard by the Germans. A

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shot rang out, and the bullet whizzed close by. We ran but the faster. Another shot, and the wife stumbled—then fell—"

The Frenchman stopped speaking for a time.

"Perhaps it was better so. A painless death, before the filthy hands of the beasts could touch her. She was fair, and beautiful, she——, but you know, M'sieu. And the baby boy found his death against her breast, crushed in her fall. I had no need to look twice. I took the little girl in my arms, determined to dash her to death against those rocks yonder, rather than that she should be in the power of those wretches. The Germans came running out of the woods into this clearing and surrounded me—one of them struck at me with his saber, as I raised my arm to shield my little one——"

He held up his arm, and for the first time I saw that he had no right hand.

"——And then there was a blinding flash, a roar as of many thunders. And I knew no more. Look, M'sieu!" I looked, and saw a deep depression in the otherwise level surface of the clearing, as a shell hole, but now all grass grown. "Some German aviator must have blundered," the peasant said. "Those beasts were sent to their last rest by the deadly dew dropped from the curse of their own making. For their evil, a sudden death—far better for such as they, the torture. And here I stand, unfit for service while France bleeds again——" he held up his handless arm—— "condemned to labor only in the fields while brothers and comrades know the trench. This in my youth!"

"Youth, M'sieu?"

"Yes. How many years do you think I have?"

I looked at him—his gray white hair, his bent form, his wrinkled face.

"Sixty?" I ventured.

"I will be thirty-eight next month, M'sieu. Now do you understand the meaning of the word *Revanche!*"

"There are a hundred million people across the seas, M'sieu," I said, "who know these things. The sons of your Sister Republic are coming by the hundred thousands—will

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come by the millions. I make no idle boast, M'sieu. But America has found an idealism from which she will not swerve. Our President has said that 'the day has come when America has the privilege to spend her blood and her might for the principles which gave her birth and the peace which so justly she cherishes. God helping her, she can do no other.'"

I will never forget those evening hours in that little clearing. Every detail is impressed indelibly on my mind. And think how significant that meeting was in one way. Suppose another German aviator could have looked down on that clearing that day. What would he have seen? He would have seen an old man, bowed down with grief, over the graves of his loved ones, typifying the challenge to humanity thrown down before humanity by this "heaven born" master who claims his power from God! And to that challenge he would have seen the defiant answer of a free people, symbolized by the presence of the simple soldier in khaki, who wore the uniform of the Army of the United States of America.

THE SPIRIT OF *camarades*

NO, it is not strange that the French and Americans become such good *camarades*. It is a case of mutual appreciation, hard to describe.

Right across the street from the school house where we are billeted is a "*Caves du Midi*"—a place, most informal, where a one time French soldier sells wines and beer. I have struck up an acquaintance with him, more on account of his tales, than of his wines—to tell the truth, this French red and white wine gets my goat from looking at it. His idol is America. America, he says, has solved the problem of world freedom, and if it hadn't been for her, France would be German now. He is quite old, and shows the effect of his turn in the trenches. It was the loss of one eye that gave him his discharge. After going scratchless through Verdun, he later fell from a horse and lit on a tree trunk. If that isn't

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tough luck I don't know what is! That is the kind of thing that will happen to me, I suppose.

I haven't seen Bairnsfather's *Fragments from France*. I have seen human fragments, pathetic enough in appearance God knows, but Oh, so cheery! How little a thing a mere broken arm is beside some of them, and I thought I was feeling bad. More and more it is brought to us on how vast a scale things are done here. What is the future historian going to do? As you say, all this is a wonderful experience for a boy of twenty, and I am thankful that I can do what little I can.

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HOW'S ATLANTA NOW?

The War Face of the Great Southern City

By DUDLEY GLASS

ATLANTA is taking the war seriously but not tearfully; she is sorry it had to be, but joyous at having a part in it. She sent her boys away with silken flags flying, and she is devoting herself now to taking the boys from other towns into her heart and showing them that she loves a soldier. There is no mourning in Atlanta, though the gold stars have replaced the blue on many a service flag in the windows of her homes; there is only rejoicing that the Americans are pressing on toward the Rhine and the hope that the Allies will make no peace until they have carried the flag to Berlin.

It is Atlanta's way to meet great situations joyously, exuberantly, and to "carry on" with a song. Atlanta will never admit that she can be injured by fire or flood or pestilence. She has accepted the hardships of war with a grin of good-humor; she has taken the profits where she could, though they have been few, for there have been no great war contracts here. She has given to the Red Cross and the Red Triangle; she has subscribed to the Liberty Loans; but she declines to be down-hearted.

I have heard visitors from the East say that we Southerners do not realize we are at war; that we are pursuing our daily lives just as in the years before the name of Belgium loomed large on the world map. But those Easterners did not know us. We have been in the war since it began. Our boys were filtering into the fight through Canada long before the Lusitania was sunk. We were watching the career of Kiffin Rockwell, of Atlanta and America, as he piloted a French airplaine when the flying game was young, and we honored him and envied him the sacrifice he made.

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But we are accustomed to air our joys and keep our sorrows to ourselves; to flock together for our rejoicings; and talk of serious matters only among our intimates.

THE SOUTH MORE AMERICAN THAN "SOUTHERN"

WE have never been sorry we were at war, I think. The South has been inclined to look upon Woodrow Wilson as little short of infallible. When he advocated watchful waiting, we waited and watched, albeit with some impatience. When he decided that the time for waiting was over, we rejoiced openly. Our eighteen months of war have brought us regulation and restriction which stepped hard upon the toes of our traditional states' right conviction, but the one or two politicians who tried to make capital of opposition to the administration learned that the South was more American than Southern. Witness the defeat of Senator Hardwick, of Georgia, one of the most popular of her sons. President Wilson had only to intimate that he preferred the election of a more friendly candidate. The next week Senator Hardwick was buried in the discard.

We are not glad we are at war. But we are not moping over it. We are sending our young men overseas to fight beside the young men of New England and the West for the honor and glory of the United States, and we are sending them with a song on our lips, though our eyes may be dim with tears. We present them with silken colors, embroidered by the hands of young girls, and our regiments—where there are regiments that maintain an identity—have girl "sponsors" to bid them good bye. For we are very proud in the South of the boys who go to fight, and we are not ashamed to display our pride. There is none of Chicago's "Indian face" in Atlanta. We cheer wildly when the colors go waving by, and our hats are off when the bands play "The Star Spangled Banner." We are even learning to stand up when the musicians play "The Marsellaise," if some one who recognizes the air gives us the example.

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Perhaps our thousands of soldiers help us keep up the military spirit. We have forty thousand or more at Camp Gordon, twelve miles out the famous Peachtree Road. We have a big general hospital at Fort McPherson, the old post of the Seventeenth Infantry, regulars, two miles to the south and just beyond is the new Camp Jesup, where thousands of trained mechanics in uniform are engaged in rebuilding everything from a five-ton motor truck to a broken pistol.

THE WAR PARADE ON ATLANTA'S FIFTH AVENUE—PEACHTREE STREET

A CITY couldn't very well forget the war when its streets are dotted with soldiers. There's never a day when the olive drab isn't as plentiful on the streets as the palm beach which is the usual civilian summer attire, and on Saturdays, why, it looks as though an army had invaded Atlanta again. The young man in civilian clothing is something to turn and look at.

There's an institution in Atlanta of many years' standing—or walking. It is called the Peachtree parade. Peachtree street, as everyone knows who has traveled a bit, is to Atlanta what Fifth Avenue and Broadway combined are to New York. One end of it is lined with the retail stores. It stretches out through the automobile district, where they call it Gasoline Row, and on beneath the spreading shade trees past handsome old homes (though the business houses are marching steadily out the street) into the open country, where it becomes Peachtree Road. And every afternoon it is lined with women and girls, dressed in their best, who stroll from the home section past the old residences which have become boarding houses, past the block after block of automobile agencies, into the shopping district, to see and be seen.

It has always been worth watching, this Peachtree parade on a sunny afternoon, for Atlanta women and Atlanta girls are surely as easy on the eyes as those of any other city, and their reputation for taste and elegance in

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dress has spread far and wide. But nowadays the parade is worth traveling many a mile to see, for beside the girls are the officers and men from the camps, especially on Saturdays, when leaves of absence are plentiful. They swing down the street in pairs and quartets and sextets, spreading across the sidewalks and unwittingly crowding such unimportant persons as middle-aged married folk into the street. They fill the soda water emporiums to overflowing, and stand three deep before the candy counters, and when the lights are turned on the movies the rows are seen to be filled with olive drab. The theatres, which had a hard struggle in some parts of the country last season, were saved in Atlanta by the throngs of soldiers who flocked to every performance, even though it meant a twelve-mile taxi drive back to camp at midnight. And not many of the soldiers went to theater without a girl. You'd think there surely couldn't be a fourth enough girls to go round, but providence and the country cousins solved the problem. I believe every girl in Georgia and the Carolinas who has a relative resident in Atlanta has spent the summer here.

It's very well for the home boys, perhaps, that they're nearly all in the service, for the young man in civilian attire appears to have no place remaining in the social life of Atlanta. The dinner dances at the clubs are for the officers and men of the camps—one might save words by saying, "for the soldiers," for Atlanta, socially speaking, has declined to make a distinction between leather leggings and canvas, no matter how furious a gray-moustached major of the old army may become at finding his one-step "broken" by Private Jones of Company C, First Replacement Regiment. Atlanta has opened her homes to the soldiers freely and lavishly. There is rarely a Sunday dinner or tea which has not a few soldier guests, and in the occasional instances where some fledgling lieutenant has ventured a hint that officers and enlisted men do not mix well the reply has been:

"You are all guests in my home, and all beneath my roof are my friends and my equals."

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WOMEN IN THE WAR SPIRIT

WELL, Well! Somebody has said that no Southerner could speak for five minutes or write five hundred words without reference to the beauty and chivalry of the Southland. Perhaps he was right.

But our women are such a great part of Atlanta in war time that one naturally writes of them first of all. And it isn't merely in the "society" department, or the entertainment of the soldiers. Our women, three generations of them, are doing a very large part of the war work of Atlanta.

There's a great deal of this war work here, too, not only because of the three big camps, but because Atlanta is the southeastern headquarters of the American Red Cross Society, the Liberty Loan organization, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and of practically every organized war activity known to America. Their headquarters fill floor after floor of the office buildings. Their warehouses occupy scores of store buildings on hidden-away streets. There are thousands of typewriters clicking and hundreds of motor trucks humming on the business of these new industries. The office building elevators are filled with newcomers, some in the uniform of the organization, some burying beneath civilian hats a string of titles which bring fresh profanity from the newspaper copyreaders who must struggle with the reams of "publicity" which emanates from these officers. For, it may be remarked in passing, there seems to be a publicity director, three assistant publicity directors and a half-dozen plain press agents for each separate branch of these war activities, and the editorial room wastepaper baskets threaten to strain the back muscles of the office boys.

Much of this work is done by paid employees, serving under "dollar a year" or nothing a year general directors, but a great deal of it is handled by volunteers, principally women of the well-to-do class who took special courses in stenography and office work to qualify themselves for the positions.

But it is in the patriotic clubs that Atlanta women are

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putting forth their greatest efforts. There is a big Red Cross Chapter, of course, with its many workrooms and branches, and a War Camp Community Service, whose duty and pleasure it is to provide the soldiers in camp and city with concerts and vaudeville and open air "sings" and minstrel shows and free automobile drives and everything that a soldier could desire that is not provided "by issue" from the quartermaster's department. There is a large fund provided for this work, maintained by public subscription, and several prominent men and hundreds of women are devoting almost their entire time to making the soldiers' off hours happy. The women have had their own committees in every "drive" since the war, too, and never have they failed to "put it all over the men" in raising their quotas—perhaps because they hastened to obtain subscriptions from their husbands and their husbands' corporations before the men's committees could reach them.

ATLANTA NOT AFTER WAR PROFITS

ATLANTA has been hit rather hard by war prices and war scarcities, and she has had few war profits to balance them on her ledger. Besides, whatever profits there are have fallen to a few, while the burdens are distributed among the many. Ours is not a great manufacturing city, though we have a fair share of factories, and there are no great government work payrolls such as Detroit and Cleveland and Pittsburgh enjoy.

Perhaps it is because our manufacturers have not tried as hard as they might to obtain government contracts. We are an independent lot of folk down here, deeply imbued with the feeling that we are perfectly able to run our own business in our own way. The unions are bad enough, though Atlanta labor is only twenty per cent unionized, but having a young lieutenant snooping around our factories and telling us to do this and not do that is unbearable—I am speaking from the manufacturer's viewpoint, now. But I believe that

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when the manufacturers really understand that they can do a service to the government, that they are actually needed, they will set aside their own preferences and begin to turn out more goods for the armies. There is a great deal of this war work under way in our factories now, but by no means all there should be.

No, the war hasn't brought big profits to Atlanta, unless it is to the owners of rental property. The only serious complaint of profiteering has been brought about by the high rents charged the wives of soldiers who followed their husbands to the city. Apartments which might have been rented for thirty-five dollars a month two years ago have jumped to sixty dollars and more, and cottages and bungalows bring rentals beyond reason. It is admitted that changed conditions make some increase reasonable, but a hundred per cent jump is looked upon by the victims as uncalled for. And, of course, the high rents are bearing just as hard upon the home folks who must rent houses. It has made the labor situation difficult. Wages have climbed. The "laboring classes" as we have been accustomed to call them, are earning more than they ever dreamed of, while the salespeople in the stores and the clerks in the corporation offices are struggling to pay for three meals a day from salaries but slightly increased since the war began. If it had not been for the food administration's curb on prices—which has not gone half as far as some of us would like—some of our people would be suffering this fall for actual lack of sustenance.

LABOR INDIFFERENT AND INDEPENDENT IN EXCESSIVE PROSPERITY

BUT the labor situation has reached a point so serious that it forms the topic of discussion wherever two or three men or women meet. We have depended upon the negro for our physical labor and our house work. There was a time when a dollar a day obtained the services of a pick wielder or an odd-job man, but that is in the dim past. The wage rose to a dollar and a half a long time ago. But nowadays

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the negro man will not consider working for less than three dollars a day, while the untrained servant girl demands five dollars a week and her meals for washing dishes and sweeping the floors. We wouldn't protest so much, perhaps, if we could keep them, even at those wages. But here is where the peculiar disposition of the negro comes in.

The negro—and I am writing of the negro as a class and not of the many individual negroes who are thrifty and ambitious—desires a place to sleep, no matter how dirty and insanitary and generally uncomfortable, an outfit of gaudy clothing, and three meals, and he is not, as ordinarily supposed, a gargantuan eater. Six dollars a week will buy him those essentials to happiness. Therefore, he works two days a week and spends the remaining five sauntering up and down Decatur street declaring his independence of the white man. The servant girl comes when she pleases and goes when the spirit moves her, and half the households in Atlanta are servantless at least three days of every week. Electric washing machines and kitchen labor saving devices have had a big sale in Atlanta this year, and the number of business men who breakfast at Childs, is remarkable in a city where half-a-dozen restaurants had a hard time to keep going a few years ago, owing to the Southerner's preference for home cooking and his habit of going home to luncheon even if it required two hours.

We must continue to depend upon the negro, however, for there is no substitute in the South, where the population is almost entirely of Anglo-Saxon or Scotch-Irish descent and there is no such thing as a white servant class. Atlanta is especially American. There is no other city of its size which has such a small proportion of citizens of foreign birth or immediate descent. We have a colony of Greeks, but they own and operate the restaurants and fruitstands and call no man master. We have a little Russia, but its inhabitants conduct cheap stores in the negro districts and build up tidy fortunes thereby. We had hardly enough Germans to support a Turn Verein in the period before the war, and the day after we entered the war there was none. We

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have no Scandinavians, no Irish of the emigrant type; and the Jamaican negro has not yet learned there are elevators to be operated in our apartment houses and hotels. We must hire a Southern darky or do the work ourselves. We are learning to do it, too. One of our wealthiest bankers telephoned a few days ago to say he would be absent from a directors' meeting because he was plowing his farm. The manager of one of our big stores invites his friends out to his suburban home to see the new electric laundry he has installed in his basement, where he does the week's washing every Monday afternoon after business hours. And it is an ordinary thing to see a limousine built for a chauffeur being driven by the head of the family while his wife and her guests at a theater party sit behind the glass screen and communicate with him by means of the speaking tube.

ATLANTA WANTS THE WAR WON IN GERMANY

WE have had our share of everything the war has brought except spy scares and explosions. We gave up our annual season of Metropolitan Opera, upon which we had prided ourselves for eight years. We have contented ourselves with one teaspoonful of sugar in our breakfast coffee, though Southerners have a sweet tooth; we have sat on our verandas through a succession of sunny and inviting gasolineless Sundays; we have even faced iceless days in midsummer. An unprecedented drouth which has emptied the reservoirs in the mountains has curtailed our electric service and made our Great White Way as dark as a cavern and stopped half our elevators. And as I write this we are in the midst of an influenza scare which has closed the theaters and motion picture houses and prohibited all public gatherings, though the Southeastern Fair is in full swing and drawing larger throngs than ever before. We are feeling something more serious than that, now our boys are in the thick of the fighting over there. The great division we sent overseas from Camp Gordon included thousands of Atlanta boys; young officers just graduated from the

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training school, boys drafted from every home, and the news has come that this division was in the great drive at St. Mihiel. There are many gold stars on the service flags which dot our streets. There were scores of gold stars carried by women in black in the service parade which marked the opening of our Liberty bond campaign. There is never a casualty list which does not bring a pang to some Atlanta home.

But Atlanta is taking the war joyously, for all that, and bravely. And over all the city is the conviction that this war should be won on German soil. The German acceptance of President Wilson's terms came over the wires a few days ago, and Atlanta, instead of rejoicing that the war appeared nearing its end, was indignant at the thought that our American soldiers who had sailed overseas to give the Hun the beating he deserved should be cheated of the opportunity to administer it.

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THE DOLLAR MUST BE STABILIZED

A Plan to Prevent Harmful Fluctuation and Soaring Prices

By IRVING FISHER

[PROFESSOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS, YALE UNIVERSITY]

THE Great War which in the public mind at first eclipsed the "high cost of living", has finally thrust it again into the foreground. Since 1914, prices have been rising at the rate of 1½ per cent per month in this country, as compared to 1/5 per cent per month before the war. Taking wholesale prices in the year 1913 as a standard, and calling the level then 100, the price level for the month of June, 1918, is represented by the figure 193. This is not a mere estimate, but is the result of calculations by the Bureau of Labor Statistics from wholesale price quotations collected monthly by them. No wonder that price fixing is a paramount issue today, and that the lagging behind of wage scales in the general advance causes acute discontent. The still greater increase, 4½ per cent per month, in Russia was at least part cause of the Revolution, and the rise of 3 per cent per month in Germany and Austria must have played a part in the growing discontent and unrest of the people in those lands.

The very number of the theories put forward to explain the present soaring prices suggests that no one of them is fundamental or general. Scarcity, waste, and profiteering may explain individual cases, but for the general explanation they are not sufficient. We must look to the one factor common to all prices—the unit in which all prices are measured—the dollar. When the general price level rises, instead of searching for a multiplicity of individual causes, why should we not recognize that a depreciated dollar may be responsible? If the dollar lost in value, it would take a

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greater number to pay for a particular commodity. A rising price level is equivalent to a decreasing purchasing power of the dollar.

We must not be deceived into the belief that, because our currency is on a gold basis, it is therefore stable. To be sure, the price of gold is always the same, *in terms of gold,* in the same way that a quart of milk is always equal to two pints of milk. Naturally, since money is gold, and since gold can, at any time, be money, they are always equivalent in terms of each other. But supply and demand take effect on gold just as they do on other commodities. The output of mines, changes in the methods of extracting the metal, the needs of foreign commerce, the development of credit systems, fashions in jewelry, etc., will always cause changes in the demand for and supply of gold, and hence in the value of the dollar. A chemist writes that he foresees the possibility of the utter wrecking of the gold standard through some discovery which, by enabling the working of many deposits now just below the level of profit, will flood the world with gold.

THE EFFECT OF THE LARGE IMPORTATION OF GOLD

THE present upward price movement showed itself almost immediately after the beginning of the War, following the importation of large quantities of gold in payment for munitions and supplies furnished to the European nations. The excess of currency in this country, even though it was gold currency and not paper, had somewhat the same effect in less degree as the Continental paper money inflation of the Revolution. At that time money was a drug on the market and was so cheap that the story is told of a Philadelphia barber who used it to paper the walls of his shop, calling it the cheapest wall paper he could get. Inflation can result not only from the issue of worthless paper money, but from the oversupply of currency of any form, even credit currency in excess of business needs. It is credit inflation that is responsible for the continued rise in the United States since

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1914. Such excess is no advantage to a country as it would be to an individual, because, as an excess, it does not add to the purchasing power of the country. It simply results in a depreciated value for the dollar, and a consequent rise in prices.

At first thought this holding the dollar responsible for the high cost of living would seem to make the complaints about rising prices quite groundless. Since the dollar enters into all payments, all payments should increase in the same ratio, and in the end be the same as in the beginning except on a higher level. The injustice, which is sufficient cause for the complaints, lies in the fact that all payments do *not* rise proportionately. Many people receive payments in the form of salaries, annuities, life insurance, etc., which are comparatively fixed. These people suffer when prices are going up for their incomes remain the same in depreciated dollars. A similar injustice is done to all savings bank depositors, and bondholders. A rising price movement may leave them actually poorer in purchasing power at the end of a period of saving than at the beginning, the cost of living eating up all their interest and some of their capital in addition. Wages also usually rise more slowly than the cost of living, thus causing general industrial unrest.

An injustice of equal magnitude affecting a different class of people, occurs when prices are falling. Then those who have fixed incomes or are living on interest continue to draw their incomes in dollars whose value is appreciated. What they gain is lost by the business man, the stock holder, the enterpriser whose fixed costs are rising more rapidly than his proceeds, and whose business must be conducted at a loss. The result is business depression, hard times, unemployment, and a far reaching disturbance that retards the progress of production. In a word, if it is the dollar that is responsible for price movements, it means not less, but greater and more subtle, injustice. Just because the real culprit is so hard to catch, the injured parties are blindly resentful and suspicious and ready for any radical action, however irrational.

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THE DOLLAR A STANDARD OF WEIGHT

SINCE the price level is so much at the mercy of the fluctuating value of our currency, whether the fluctuation be due simply to changes in the value of the precious metal which we imagine to be stable, or whether it be due to an excessive development of the use of credit, it seems evident that to consider the dollar a stable unit of value is a mistake. It is further evident that the consequences of the mistake may be disastrous. The problem is, how can the dollar be stabilized in purchasing power?

The dollar is not a standard of value, but a standard of weight. Because it is fixed in weight, it fluctuates in value. It can be made stable in value, accordingly, by causing it to vary in weight. If gold is so common as to have lost in value, surely the depreciated dollar can be restored to its former purchasing power and kept stable by increasing the amount of gold in the dollar. If on the other hand, our currency should for any reason appreciate in value, and the purchasing power of one dollar be greatly increased, then the dollar could be unloaded until it was reduced to its previous value.

Does this mean that we are to have gold coins of various weights, depending on the date of their coinage, jangling in the market place? Far from stabilizing the dollar, such a result would only be confusion worse confounded. No one would be able to say what constituted a dollar. This situation can be easily avoided, however. Except on the Pacific Coast, one rarely sees gold even now. Most people prefer to carry yellow backs representing gold instead of the actual metal. Why not make a rule of what is already a custom, and take all gold out of circulation? The change then would simply be in the amount of gold bullion for which such a gold dollar certificate could be redeemed. The owner of a ten dollar gold certificate would be entitled to ten "dollars" of gold bullion just as at present, the "dollar" however being at any moment not always 25.8 grains of standard gold but the number of grains of gold bullion

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which the government had last declared it to be. The change in weight from month to month would concern only the gold miners taking gold to the mint in exchange for certificates, and the exporters and jewelers requiring gold for foreign trade or the arts. For the rest of the population, the plan would make no difference. We who use the dollar certificates would be as unconscious of the working of the new plan as we are now of the coinage operations at the mint. The change from our present system to the new one could therefore be made with no dislocation and without our being aware of it.

ADJUSTING THE DOLLAR TO THE MONTHLY PRICE AVERAGE

A MUCH greater and more fundamental difficulty which until recently would have made our proposed plan out of the question is the problem of adjusting the weight scientifically. Since the success of the whole plan depends on the accurate weighting of the dollar, that point could not be left to the discretion of any official. A necessary prerequisite therefore has been the development of the collection and use of price statistics. The monthly price average or Index Number calculated by the Bureau of Labor Statistics (as the figure 193 mentioned above for June, 1918) shows each month whether and how much prices have risen or fallen, and is the signal which would automatically authorize an official of the Treasury Department to adjust the weight of the dollar, increasing it by one per cent whenever prices were above par, and decreasing it by one per cent whenever they fell below par.

Let us look at a definite example. Suppose the scheme were inaugurated now and the price level of today established as the standard and called 100. If the present tendency of rising prices were to continue, the index number for next month would be higher, say 101. This would be the signal for an increase in the weight of the dollar. Since it takes $101 to buy what $100 formerly purchased, it would take 1 per cent more gold to give the dollar its former purchasing power. Accordingly the Treasury Department

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would increase the weight of the dollar by this one per cent; and the brakes would be put on the movement of prices because the fluctuation in the price of gold would be taken care of in the changed dollar weight. The diminished value of the gold content of the dollar would be compensated for by its increased weight.

Perhaps that adjustment will be enough and the next month will see the price level back to par—the new dollar having the same purchasing power as the previous dollar of lighter weight. Perhaps the compensation will have been insufficient, and the index number will still show a rise (though less than what it would have been if the dollar's weight had been unchanged). In that case a still further weighting is called for, and so on until the rise is stopped, even if the dollar weight is increased to a pound. Long before that could take place, however, the fall in the value of the dollar would be compensated for by the increased weight. Possibly on the other hand, the first adjustment was more than enough, and brought about an index number below par the next month. In that case the unloading of the dollar would take place in the very same way. Thus, by continual observation of the tendency of prices, and by taking each departure from the level as a signal for a corresponding change in the dollar's weight, the variations could never go long without a correction. Just as the steering wheel of an auto is used only when the auto is swerving from the straight course, but is nevertheless successful in keeping the auto on the road, so the system of stabilizing the dollar by correcting each deviation as soon as it occurs will prevent the disastrous price movements which we have suffered in the past.

"BRASSAGE" SHOULD BE CHARGED TO DEPOSITORS OF GOLD

THERE is one other proviso included in the plan, aimed to prevent speculation. A small fee, corresponding to what used to be called "brassage" should be charged to depositors of gold, and no single change in the dollar's weight should be allowed to exceed this fee.

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The present price convulsion is increasingly bringing home to the people of the country the need of reform. With the great increase of outstanding debts, especially War Loans, and the holding of Liberty Bonds by such a large proportion of the population, the injustice of price movements will be more clearly evident. We cannot tolerate the situation that every holder of a Government bond should suffer the virtual loss of all his interest simply through rising prices. On the other hand, unless we take steps in advance to prevent it, the end of the war may bring such a rapid exportation of gold that our currency will contract so severely as to hamper the work of reconstruction and readjustment to peace conditions.

This plan has run the gauntlet of criticism for several years and has, as a result, received the endorsement of hundreds who have studied it carefully, including President Hadley, of Yale University; a committee of economists appointed to consider the purchasing power of money in relation to the war (consisting of Royal Meeker, United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics; Professor Wesley Clair Mitchell, Columbia University; Professor E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton University; Professor Warren M. Persons, of Harvard University; Professor B. M. Anderson, Jr., of Harvard University, and Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University); Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York; George Foster Peabody, of New York; John Perrin, Federal Reserve Agent of San Francisco; Henry L. Higginson, of Boston; Roger W. Babson, statistician; John Hays Hammond, mining engineer; John V. Farwell, of Chicago; United States Senator Robert L. Owen; the late Senator Newlands; and Sir David Barbour, one of the originators of the Indian gold exchange standard.

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THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

A RECENT incident of great interest to the theatrical world was the acquisition by the Enemy Alien Property Custodian of the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of royalties earned by enemy holders to the American rights of popular operas, musical comedies, and dramas. All such royalties collected will be invested in Liberty bonds, and for the first time in his decidedly checkered career that mythical business man, Uncle Sam, will have a keen interest in the success of "Salome," "The Jewels of the Madonna," etc., as well as the lighter and far more profitable "The Merry Widow," "Her Soldier Boy," and "The Chocolate Soldier."

This action was undertaken after several months of quiet investigation, and is not meant to impair the box office value of any of the property taken over. Most of the lighter operettas have been adapted for the American stage, and produced by American capital. All that interests the Enemy Alien Property Custodian is the percentage of royalty that would ordinarily find its way into Germany or Austria. However, so patriotic is the spirit of the American theatre that even though it means a loss of dollars it is not likely that there will be any revivals of the once popular musical plays. Incidentally two of the greatest successes of the dramatic stage are included in the list of seized material, "The Concert" and "Madam X." The yearly income from the stock companies playing these famous works is extraordinarily large. The German theatres, where modern German plays are produced, will, of course, suffer through this action, which, by the way, even takes the royalties on the phonograph records made by once popular singers at the Metropolitan.

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THREE PLAYS FROM OUR ALLIES

HADDON CHAMBERS, who is the author of a half dozen spirited comedies of English life, is the author of "The Saving Grace," which introduces Cyril Maude to his American friends in a modern role quite as interesting in its way as his famous "Grumpy."

The play might be said to take its title from the pluck and unfailing kindliness of the central character, or from the service, which comes through the war, and solves the difficulties of the little group of characters making the personnel of the play. The hero of the play is an ex-officer in the English army who lost his commission for eloping with his Colonel's wife. For years they have drifted through one shady situation after another, until the opening of the story, the time of which is late summer 1914, finds them quite devoid of any funds. Right on the verge of tragedy, the war comes, giving the playwright the chance to have a happy ending. Mr. Maude realizes all the complexities of *Blinn Corbett,* a mixture of a love-sick visionary and a shrewd officer. Laura Hope Crews, as the heroine of the elopement, gives an excellent portrayal of the loyal woman who will not be parted from the man who has been ruined in loving her.

Another drama from Europe is a Tolstoy tragedy "The Redemption," with John Barrymore as the leading character. It is a gloomy play, typically Russian, told in no less than eleven scenes, complex, and often confused. The text is familiar to most students of Russian literature, its theme being the unhappy marriage of *Fedya Protosova* (John Barrymore) who for solace spends most of his time among the gypsies. His wife turns to the lover of her youth—and there follows a long mental struggle of the husband whether or not he shall drag his name through the divorce courts. His nerve fails him when he thinks of the publicity, and at the advice of a gypsy he allows the report to be circulated that he has been drowned. His wife marries again, and he is a living corpse, drunken, degraded. The tragedy of the

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play reaches a climax when it is discovered that he is alive, and the charge of bigamy is entered against his wife. To untangle the snarled skein of their existences *Fedya* kills himself in the courtroom. There is little in the depressing atmosphere of the text of the play to commend itself to American war-time audiences. The acting, however, is remarkable. Mr. Barrymore gives a masterly performance of *Fedya*. There is probably no American actor who equals him in temperament.

Of course, it is strictly French, unexpurgated, but the theatregoer, in New York at least, is not as squeamish as of yore, when French plays had to be pruned to a wholesome and therefore pointless flavor. I refer to "Sleeping Partners," in which H. B. Warner gives us a farcial monologue of an amorous bachelor and Irene Bordoni a facial reflection of a coquettish wife who seeks a liaison; an intensely amusing absurdity which could never have happened, and therefore exceedingly plausible. So ingenuously are the situations worked out that they all draw the pretty moral, that even married women who flirt, really love perfectly grotesque husbands, if the habit is formed early enough. The cast is a foursome and they play a skillful game over perilous hazards.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN COMEDIES

THIS is a bumper year for comedy, and when it comes to making Americans laugh it is only natural that our own authors are more successful than those who visualize us as a result of hurried visits to our larger cities.

"Penrod" for instance, is the result of the observations of Booth Tarkington, as typical an American as it would be possible to name. His famous stories have been constructed into an amusing series of theatrical episodes by Edward E. Rose, but the study of childhood's unconscious humor reverts back beyond the art of the playwright.

To attempt to tell the story of the play would be to spoil an evening for the thousands of people who will go to the theatre to see just which of the "Penrod" tales have

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been used in the dramatic version. And no admirer of the play need stay at home for fear that an illusion will be shattered. The characters have stepped from the printed page—they live. It is a credit to the producer that the children chosen to play the younger parts are not professional actors, they are children. The love story, without which no play seems to be a success, is quietly woven into the action, but it is *Penrod,* his friend *Sam,* and *Herman* and *Verman* that really make the play.

Mr. Leo Ditrichstein is an actor of distinction, and to be counted on for an excellent portrayal of any role he undertakes. He is also able to surround himself with players of ability—but unfortunately he is only human—and sometimes not so successful in his choice of plays.

His latest comedy "The Matinee Hero" lacks the qualities that made "The King," "The Great Lover," or "The Concert" so very successful. It is the old theme of ambition and dissatisfaction. "The Matinee Hero" is not contented, he wants to play Hamlet—and the adventuress urges him on. He plays the part, despite the advice of his wife and manager. And he succeeds. The fibre of the play is not of the usual Ditrichstein quality. However, it is so well acted that it is sure of a measure of success.

A man who is so absorbed in his own affairs that he forgets the anniversary of his marriage is in danger of losing his mate, according to Jane Cowl in "Information Please."

The sophisticated know that women run amuck in emotional affairs. A successful husband is not necessarily a satisfactory one. This causes all the trouble that gives "Information Please" its sparkle and complications. Miss Cowl, always attractive, is not at her best in her own play. I am sure she never met a hotel detective, the gross absurdity of the book. Please take off his hat and boil him down. The house sleuth talks like a "rough-neck" in a Bowery melodrama, and is out of focus and out of caste. Bright lines, smart phrases, modern and well staged; if recast, somewhat and pruned, "Information Please" will run across the continent.

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William Collier, who spent the past two seasons telling "Nothing But the Truth," is equally successful in his new play, which demands that he tell "Nothing But Lies." Mr. Collier has a large and responsive following among American theatregoers, and they ask only that he be his usual self, and that no change be made in the recipe of each succeeding play. Aaron Hoffman remembered that fact when he wrote "Nothing But Lies."

The comedy—it is almost farce—tells of the wildly extravagant lies necessary to keep the girl of the play happy. The hero has really pledged himself to truth, but finds prevarication much the better way. The tangled result is obvious, but the lines are fresh, and fun provoking. The play has its one great novelty in a prologue laid in hereafter, in which the audience is allowed to overhear the conversation between Ananias and George Washington. Ananias gets the decidedly better end of the argument.

Mr. Collier acts his part with the same "Willie Collier" method that has made him an international favorite. His supporting cast includes Olive Wyndam, who is very sweet, and worth lying for, together with several members of his "Nothing But The Truth" company.

UNDER THE CONDUCTOR'S BATON

THE conductors of two recently offered musical comedies have had the pleasure of leading some really charming music—music of the type that comes stealing back to the mind long after the play is over and sends one hurrying to the nearest music shop to buy the printed melody.

The first of these musical plays was "The Girl Behind The Gun" which has a war story for a background, and practically an all-star company to interpret the roles. It has not an entirely unfamiliar plot in the misunderstanding that arises due to mistaken identity, but there is a generous sprinkling of humor. The music and dancing are the bright lights of the evening, and among the long cast Donald Brian and Ada Mead, the charming Southern girl, a refreshing and vivacious type on the stage, stand out prominently.

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The second play "Sometime" is a novelty, and one that should enjoy long prosperity. It is built after the fashion of the movies with a series of "cut back" scenes. It has several capable players, a story of pretty sentiment that does not get lost in the second act; a comedian who is genuinely funny, and a heroine who has the elusive thing best described by the over-worked word, "personality." And the music is the best heard this season. Ed Wynne is the comedian, and Francine Larrimore, no longer forced to copy the mannerism of Madge Kennedy, displays a wistful quality that will carry her far. Then too there is an amusing girl named Mae West, who gives a clever impersonation of a vulgar, but funny, chorus girl. "Sometime" is quite the most interesting musical play so far presented to the new season's audiences.

A Belasco play is usually an institution. "Daddies" is no exception. The humoresques, pathos, charm, delight and perplexities of child-life come wrapped up in a delightful package, unfolding with increasing interest as the play proceeds. The crust of some confirmed bachelors proves a weak heart defense against the charm of Belgian orphans. Bruce McRae gives us a most entertaining *Robert Audrey,* good natured bachelor, and John W. Cope, a whimsically delightful *James Crocket,* crusty bachelor.

Miss Volare, as *Lorry,* is reminiscent of Maud Adams and sweetly ingenue in her delectable role of a little Orphan Annie, but little tot Edith King, as *Babette,* nearly steals the play from them all. She is the most delightful bit of childhood that has refreshed the stage this season. Of course, everyone must see "Daddies"—as I say—it is an institution of the period, quite irresistible.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

By W. S. COUSINS

THE fourth Liberty Loan campaign, which has just been brought to a successful termination, was the largest financial operation this world has ever seen. Accustomed as we are to big figures, the people of this country gasped in amazement when, in 1914, the magnitude of Britain's financial undertakings in connection with the war was first made public. We had not then learned to calculate in billions with the facility with which we now use that simple rule in arithmetic. Now we are making provisions for a yearly expenditure almost equal to the whole cost of England's four-year campaign, taxing ourselves eight times as much as our own pre-war National budget, and planning for bond issues double in amount the National tax bill.

It is obvious that such accomplishments are made possible only by the united co-operation of more than one hundred million loyal Americans, with a belief in the justice of their cause, and a grim determination to complete the task to which they have pledged their whole resources. The authorities at Washington have long ago passed the Experimental Stage in their war program, have calculated their requirements and their resources to a mathematical certainty, and it is therefore necessary for the maintenance of a maximum military effort in France and elsewhere that no part of the resources upon which they are counting should fail them at the crucial period. This means that no red-blooded American will shirk his duty, and those who have not been able to get into the game in the first four Liberty loans will probably have an opportunity to help out on the fifth and sixth loans which are directly on the schedule. Already organization committees in one or more of the Federal Reserve districts have begun to lay out their campaigns, and have determined to be on the ground early.

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SECURITY MARKETS

WALL STREET has never given itself over to felicitations over the prospect of an early termination of the war. After careful consideration of the events of the past few weeks, and mature deliberation over President Wilson's latest note to Germany, the stock market registered its opinion that the conclusion of the war is still somewhat remote, and many traders made haste to buy back the securities which they recently permitted to slip away at concessions. The war stocks have moved up to the fore, and oil stocks, based on the greatly increased production of some of the prominent western oil fields, have been in favor at a higher price level.

There are persistent reports these days of foreign buying of American securities. Before the war, French and English investors were heavy purchasers of American railroad and public utility stocks but in the stormy period following the bursting of the war clouds in July, 1914, practically all of these stocks were sent back to America and became the property of our own people. The sensational manner in which the war is moving in our favor, and the rapid changes in the quotations for neutral exchange, make it imperative that those who would profit through the purchase of American securities must do their shopping early. They reason logically, that if American securities were desired before the war, they will be of much greater value after the United States has become more firmly established as a great, if not the greatest, nation.

Wall Street is also very much concerned at present with after-war financial problems. This is in direct line with the elaborate organizations and commissions launched by the British and French Governments to secure and maintain the benefit of favorable world markets for their commodities. In this country we have made a beginning by giving serious consideration to ways and means for absorbing the shock of the transition from a war to a peace basis. Leaders in the steel trade are hoping to prevent sudden decline of prices

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and abrupt liquidation of labor in lines directly connected with war manufacturing. Of late there have been hints from Washington that the fixed price schedule under modifications yet to be worked out, is likely to be continued after the fighting ceases, and it is to be expected that various departments of industry will be treated in a way to scientifically ease the way from war to peace conditions. As the trend of war points to complete victory, it may be expected that means to free the transformation from possible business disturbance on a great scale will receive the attention of industrial and political leaders.

PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION

THERE is reason for gratification in the attitude of a number of prominent American business men-laymen, toward the problems which Congress, in the interest of "all the people," is trying to work out. Perhaps the most prominent of these problems at the present time is that of taxation.

There are a few well-known principles of taxation, and it is strange but disappointing that these have not been incorporated into the "Extraordinary" tax measures adopted by Congress. In a discussion of these matters at a prominent gathering in New York City, Mr. Otto H. Kahn emphasized the fact that that form of taxation was most desirable which raises the largest obtainable amount of revenue with the least economic disturbance, lays the burden on those best able to bear it, and if possible promotes thrift and economy in the country. Taxation should not penalize success nor discourage saving. It should not be carried to the point at which business would be handicapped or crippled, cash resources unduly curtailed and the incentive to maximum enterprise destroyed. It is an old maxim of taxation that an excessive impost destroys its own productivity.

Mr. Kahn takes the position that too heavy a portion of the eight billion dollar war revenue tax is to be charged up against excess and war profits, and that Congress might with wisdom and equity devise a system of consumption and

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stamp taxes which would fall upon those who in no other way are chargeable with their portion of the war tax; such taxes would be productive of fairly considerable revenues, they are easily borne, cause no particular strain or dislocation, are automatically collected, and are conducive to economy. England and France have had satisfactory experience with them. There are numerous taxes of a tried and tested nature which would raise a very large amount of revenue and conform to the strictest economic regulations. They ought to be given a chance in the revenue measure now under construction.

FEDERAL RESERVE NOTES

SINCE the early part of last year the Federal Reserve notes in circulation have increased from a quarter of a billion to a little over two billion dollars, while gold coin to the extent of one billion dollars has been transferred from the vaults and the paying counters of the banking institutions, and from the treasure boxes of firms and individuals, to the Federal Reserve banks.

Taking cognizance of the expressions of apprehension at the rapid increase in the volume of Federal Reserve notes, the Reserve Board has issued a statement showing that the increase is indicative, not of currency inflation, but of a change in the form of the outstanding currency. As already noted in the shrinkage of circulating gold coin the certificates, and also in the decrease in the outstanding volume of "other forms" of currency, the net increase in the total volume of the circulating medium, in the period of nineteen months, has been $736,000,000. It would be far from right to blame this moderate increase in circulating currency for the rise in price of necessary commodities which has taken place within the same period; but additional supplies of money have greatly facilitated business intercourse during the trying war period.

One of the problems which the war will leave for solution will be that of the gold reserve and the relation of our

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standard of value thereto. No one has yet been able to devise a satisfactory substitute for the gold standard, but much dissatisfaction is being expressed because of the shrinking purchasing power of the yellow metal. Debts contracted during the war and repaid after hostilities have ceased will, measured in terms of commodities, command a much larger basis of settlement. Will not the piling up of war debts against a limited gold reserve add greatly to the perplexity of this problem?

BOND MARKET

NOTWITHSTANDING the heavy demands of the Government and the increased cost of necessary commodities there has been sufficient call for high grade securities to send the prices of the active issues up to the highest point reached by them since the turn of the year. No department of the bond market has been overlooked, the demand being keen for railroad, public utility and industrial issues, and to no less an extent for the bonds of the foreign allied Governments.

The average price of forty representative and active issues on the New York Stock Exchange is now close to 90, the previous high point of 77.87 having been established in May. As an indication of the great improvement which has taken place in the bond market, it is worthy of note that the lowest average price of the year, namely 75.65 was reached on September 27th, so that in about one month the average quotation for bonds has moved from the lowest to the highest point of the year.

More notable still have been the movement of the bonds of the Allied Governments and the French Municipals. The French Government 5½s, which enjoy a valuable exchange privilege are now quoted at 103, as compared with a low of 85 in the Spring of 1918. The City of Bordeaux, City of Lyons, and City of Marseilles 6s, all of which reached a plane of depression during the Hun drive in March, selling at 81 to 84, are now eagerly sought for at 99 and par. These bonds also enjoy the exchange privilege.

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The Bond Issue Division of the Federal Reserve Bank has issued a statement drawing attention to the conversion of Liberty bonds of the first and second issues into those bearing the higher rate of interest:

The privilege of converting the 4 per cent Liberty Bonds of the first and second loans into 4½ per cent bonds expires November 9th. A large number of the first and second issues are still outstanding in this district at a lower rate of interest than they might command.

Holders of 4 per cent bonds may present them, up to November 9th, at banking institutions or at the Federal Reserve Bank, 120 Broadway. Bonds of small denomination, if presented at the Federal Reserve Bank, may be converted at three minutes' notice. The 4 per cnt bonds cannot be converted after November 9th even if bonds at a higher rate of interest are issued thereafter.

The action of the Senate Finance Committee in striking out of the revenue bill the provision for taxing state, county and municipal bonds will remove the uncertainty on that question that has existed in municipal bond circles for the past several weeks. In eliminating this provision, the Committee gave as its reason that such a tax would be unconstitutional. The settlement of this important question which has raised so much protest from leading municipalities all over the country, should do much towards stimulating the future demand for securities of this nature.

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The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)

Southerners in the War Saddle

JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS' appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain, our highest ranking diplomatic post, again reminds us of the big part played by Southerners or men of Southern birth in present national affairs.

Mr. Davis is a West Virginian, but in all the comment on his appointment, which was generally commendatory, no claim or charge of undue sectional significance was made. Those familiar with his career refer to him as a representative American rather than as a typical Southerner, which, like his distinguished predecessor, William Hines Page, in many ways he is. Mr. Page is a North Carolinian but now a citizen of New York. Both he and Mr. Davis finely represent the New South which has supplied national leadership in the present crisis quite out of proportion to territory or population.

There was something highly dramatic in the appearance of former Confederate generals, such as Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, in the uniforms of the United States army twenty years ago. The way Southerners of both the Old and the New South responded to the nation's call during the Spanish war was naturally inspirative of much exchanging of fine words. The dramatic element over which all sections rhapsodized then is lacking now, for, alas, the passage of time, added to the exigencies of war, has eliminated both Confederate and Union veterans as fighting participants in the present war. Fitzhugh Lees and Joe Wheelers and M. C. Butlers are on the firing line now but they are the sons and grandsons of the famous chieftains of the Confederacy.

But if the South were inclined to rhapsodize now it would find more ample excuse in its contribution of leaders in the present crisis than it did in that of two decades ago.

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Who, fifty or so lately as twenty-five years ago, would have dared predict that a Southerner would be the leader of the nation, and in a measure the leader of the many nations with which we are allied, in the greatest of wars? Yet Woodrow Wilson is of Southern birth, rearing, and, in part, education.

And the man next to him in fighting the battles of democracy—General Pershing—comes from that school of Missourians which is as intense in its Southern attachments as are South Carolinians. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House and as Southern as the cotton blossom, is a product of the same school.

The "Solid South" in Control

THE two men who, next to the President, direct both of our war machines are Southerners. Secretary Daniels of the Navy is a Tar Heel of Tar Heels; Secretary Baker of the War Department was born in West Virginia, the son of an old Confederate Army surgeon. Ranking high in both branches of the service are many who, like Pershing, are of Southern birth and rearing. General Gorgas, justly famous as a conservator of our soldiers' health, is an Alabamian. Rear-Admiral McGowan, who as chief paymaster sees that our sailors are the best fed and best clothed in the world, is a South Carolinian. While Rear-Admiral Sims, who looks after naval operations abroad, is a Canadian by birth, Rear-Admiral Benson, chief of the bureau supervising all operations, is a Georgian.

Another glance at the personnel of the cabinet discloses the unusual circumstance that only one State outside the South is supplying native sons as first official advisers and assistants to the President. That State is New York from which hails Messrs. Lansing and Redfield. Two cabinet chiefs are foreign born, Mr. Lane in Canada and Mr. Wilson in Scotland. Six out of a total of ten were born and reared in the South. Messrs. Burleson and Gregory are in everything Texan. Mr. Houston was born in North Carolina, later claims upon him being divided between South Carolina,

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Texas and Missouri. Mr. McAdoo, the heaviest freighted of all cabinet officers, is a citizen of New York but was born in Georgia and educated in Tennessee.

But in no branch of present governmental activities is Southern leadership so predominant as in Congress. This is due largely to the rule of seniority and the supremacy of the Democratic party. The majority leaders of both the House and Senate are Southerners, Mr. Kitchin being from North Carolina and Senator Martin from Virginia.

Twenty-nine out of a total of 75 standing Senate Committees are headed by Southern Senators and nearly a dozen others by Senators of Southern birth. While no Senator from a Southern State was born elsewhere than in the South (excepting Reed of Missouri, a native of Ohio), ten from other sections are natives of Dixieland. This circumstance may lend verity to the claim that Southerners have superior talent for public affairs. It may be mentioned, as an incident in further support of that claim, that several of the Southern-born Senators representing other sections are Republicans.

Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, who heads the great Military Affairs Committee, is a native of Mississippi. Senator Lewis, the Democratic whip and personal spokesman for the President on the Senate floor, was born in Virginia, reared in Georgia, first elected to Congress from the State of Washington and now represents Illinois.

The names of all Southerners filling conspicuous places at Washington or the front would probably fill a book. Few of them are usually thought of as Southerners but only as good Americans; for, with a possible rare exception here and there, there isn't a "professional Southerner"—a type most frequently encountered outside the South—among them.

Can't All the Races Get Together

WHILE we're on the job of regulating the world—or helping the Allies in the work, let's all start together and see if we can't understand each other. U. S. A. has had

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extensive experience in assimilating foreign races. We have learned a few things in the past thirty years about different peoples. We've found them not so different under the skin, despite certain inherited tastes for spaghetti, chop-suey, red pepper, frog-legs, A1 sauce, sauerkraut and kosher meat. Fundamentally, Bulgaria, Poland, France, England and Turkey and China peoples are impulsed largely by similar desires, from a human nature point of analysis. We are inspired by the same music, aroused by similar ambitions and aspirations, stirred by analogous instincts to live comfortably, house ourselves clemently, dress properly, laugh and weep under not dissimilar emotions, love, hate, or be diplomatic in accordance with natural human laws.

We, the nations of the Greater Democracy, are not so far apart—except in one particular: language. This great human fact has been demonstrated in this land of all the world immigration. The war has set its seal upon foreign tongues in America—opportunity knocks at our door for a universal medium of exchange—of thought, of trade, of the confidence of understanding. The growth of the universality of the English language suggests a solution. At that eventual conference of Nations the suggestion could be acted upon. One language needs internationalization. If it's to be English, every school in every land can be regulated by international law, to carry a compulsory course of English. Certain books and pamphlets of world educational interest can be published and made a part of the compulsory course. An international official newspaper, distributed in every school and public reading room and library can be issued. Ten years of propaganda of general education along international lines will do more to eradicate ignorance and misunderstanding between peoples than has heretofore been accomplished in one hundred years. A blow of enduring effect must be struck at world friction, race friction, national friction—all of which causes war, causes animosity, makes trade relations difficult, retards civilization and world understanding and democracy of national life.

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Let's Learn How to Work

AMONG other war lessons, educational promoters have a new slant. We've wasted a lot of brain ammunition in pre-war days. "The Colonel" discovered, some time past, that there were too many mollycoddles carrying around sheepskins. War has taught us that our hands need education more than our brains. We need a league of nations on this subject, quite as much as a police league. The thing that gets the boy or girl a job is equipment for work. Everyone knows this brought home fact now. Boys of sixteen getting dollars a day and girls of seventeen supporting their mothers at the typewriter—while men and women of forty or fifty, speaking three languages, waiting for the National Employment Service to get them a job. It's all right to learn the three R's and to know where the Tropic of Capricorn is, and that the earth revolves on its axis—but knowledge of these facts doesn't interest the employer who wants your hands; he takes it for granted that you are intelligent and have had elementary facts inducted into your brain in the fourth grade.

At the same time hands should be busy with something besides a slate pencil and a piece of chalk. Vocational training is the educational lesson of the war. No one need fear the wolf at the door who can load his shot gun with efficiency bullets. And poverty is, after all, the menace of civilization. There should be no such thing, the bible to the contrary notwithstanding—now that we have driven booze out of the essential class.

Begin with educating the educators. Make carpentry, mechanics, bookkeeping, laboratorial work, and other useful work, a teacher's equipment. Here's a chance for some war regulations for the Bureau of Education.

We don't want any more "mollys" in our 1920 class. Priority on vocational work! It's begun to tell in the South. The colored citizen is perking up; his pocket is war-full and his hands are beginning to work intelligently. The brain will take care of itself, with a little elemental help. Then

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we'll have no labor shortage, no poor houses, less charitable institutions, fewer pick-pockets, and not so many left overs, square pegs in round holes and misfits generally.

The big work of equipping our youth efficiently has begun in essential work. The impulse needs recognition in public school rooms, in colleges and in the home.

Sun Wastage

NOW that we are scraping the earth for raw materials, harnessing the waters of the rivers, straining the coal deposits, the minerals and the woods of the terrestrial sphere, for war essentials, there seems to be no reason why the largest supply of raw material should escape the priority board. We refer to that gentleman up in the sky who shines while we fight and shines for the other fellow on the down side of the sphere while we sleep—the sun. He is needed by the Fuel Administration, the Ordnance Department and the Railroad Administration, as well as by the manufacturer and the housewife. Of course his work is on the essential list now, but he is a slacker, nevertheless, and is not up to efficiency. He warms the bum on the park bench with the same cheerful indifference that he expends his energy in opening up the view to the scouting Ace in France. He is a very prodigal person and there are times when we need all of his 100 per cent output. We need him in intensified form. He is pouring down upon us energy as great as 1.47 kilowatts per square meter, or 1.70 horse power per square yard; heat enough to vaporize 5.92 feet of water per minute. Just how the War Industries Board will put the sun to work it is not for a mere layman to say. But in these times, when every ounce of man and sun power is needed, this terrestrial slacker should be put into khaki and made to do his bit. With a doubtful coal bin this winter and the need of gas on the Western front, to say nothing of the fuel and food shortage, there is an opportunity for some of the wiseacres of Science to get busy on the sun wastage.

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Greater Great Britain

WHEN the history of the World War is written it will be found that Greater Great Britain has emerged from the ordeal in all her ancient and honorable glory. She will yet be producing her unchanging type of public official, who is at once a leader of the people and their most trustworthy servant—the type, in very truth, which is perfectly expressed in the phrase "an officer and a gentleman." As we have taken our fashions in clothes, manners and ethics from England in the past century, we may grasp our British ally by the hand in good fellowship and high regard, as a warrior, as a man of unyielding principle and fine integrity. It is good to think that we have done our bit to preserve this race from the humiliation that was threatened and the national extermination which was the ultimate aim of the Hun. But Britain has also preserved herself. In this Great War, every third male in the British Isles is fighting, an equivalent, if the proportion were maintained by us, to 16,000,000 men.

The British are fighting in fifteen various parts of the world. The personnel of the navy is 500,000. The navy has convoyed to the various fronts 13,000,000 men, 2,000,000 horses and mules, 500,000 vehicles, 25,000,000 tons of explosives, 51,000,000 tons of oil and fuel, and has kept the seas open for 130,000,000 tons of food and material; at the same time cutting off Germany's normal annual supply of foods and necessaries amounting to 6,000,000 tons. In the British air service there are 42,000 men, and in one week recently British aviators dropped 3,000 tons of bombs, and in a single day on the Western front silenced 127 German batteries and destroyed 28 gun pits. The great British merchant marine of some 16,000,000 tons has been engaged in the task of feeding not only the allied British nations, but also in large part the people of Belgium, France, Italy and Serbia. 18,000,000 people out of a population of 44,000,000 have invested in War Bonds or W. S. certificates; the per capita income is $236 against a per capita debt of $589. Loans to Great Britain's allies total $8,000,000,000. These few figures show how the war has brought forth the real

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greatness of Great Britain, her heroism, her sacrifice, her loyalty to the principles of world democracy, and her resourcefulness. Fundamentally a nation of vast financial and industrial resources, her position after the war in the world of trade is assured. We have yet much to learn from our great neighbor across the Atlantic. We can profit by emulating her statesmanship, commercial acumen, and sound economics.

Art Has a New Theme

THE grewsomeness and the spirit of war has grasped the imagination of the American knight of the brush. Fifth Avenue—the Avenue of the Allies—in October gave its windows, its spaces and its roofs, over to the artists' war efforts. War in all its frightfulness, in its morbidness, in its spiritual elevations, was on exhibition. From the academicians to the cover illustrators, war art was displayed. The sculptor, too, contributed his bit. The patriotic exhibit revealed a new note in art development. No hidebound editor censured the art dreamer. He had his own way; he let his imagination play to the full. The realist presented us the brutality of the Hun, the dismemberment of arms and limbs, the lust of the elemental, the firebrand and the primal run amuck. The art poet visualized the triumph of the spirit and the beauty of sacrifice; the nobility of endurance. The illustrator glorified the bravery and heroism of soldiery in battle; the spirit of the fight and the softness of suffering. The exhibit was a great uplift to the thousands who thronged the Avenue; it presages the theme that art will carry into history and opens a new vista for the artist of the day. At last American Art has an opportunity and our Museums yawn for the results.

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The FORUM'S Policy, Constructive Nationalism

TO WIN THE WAR

What is Constructive Nationalism?

Constructive business, industry, organizations—that look to a permanent betterment of our social and organic life as a democratic people.

National unity, solidarity, in common aims of the whole people, politically, socially, educationally, and fundamentally, as one people, one flag, one language, one loyalty.

It is the desire of The FORUM to open its pages to the thought of the best constructive thinkers in our country, that their thought may be the seeds or the stimulating means of a definite, substantial nationalism; aligning its aims and policies with the forces to win the war.

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